

America's Favorite War Comics

**No. 23
JULY**

10¢

G.I. Joe[®] ANC

A "Buddies" Special...
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN



**By Popular
Request . . .**

**G.I. JOE'S
PEN PALS**

Miracle on Wheels . . . TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE WAGON



WEB COMIC
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RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY

"RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY," THE WORLD AS THE SERVICEMAN SEES IT. A SPECIAL G.I. JOE FEATURE.



"WHO SAYS I'M YELLOW?"

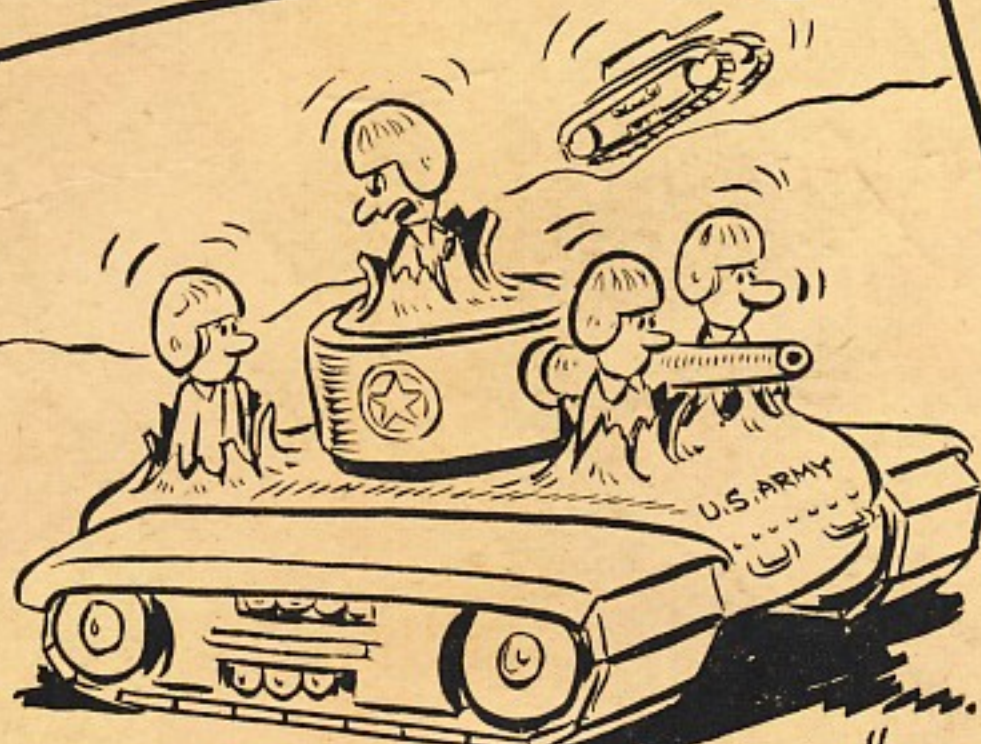
BAYONET PRACTICE AREA



"CAN'T WE CALL OFF THE GAMES BECAUSE OF RAIN?"



"YOU CAN'T BUST ME—I'VE GOT 'EM TATTOOED ON!"



"WHO YELLED 'ATTENTION'?"



"NEXT TIME KEEP IT OUT OF THE WATER!"



"AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE DID RUN INTO A LITTLE OPPOSITION!"

by T/SGT O'Brien
U.S. AIR FORCE

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G.I. Joe

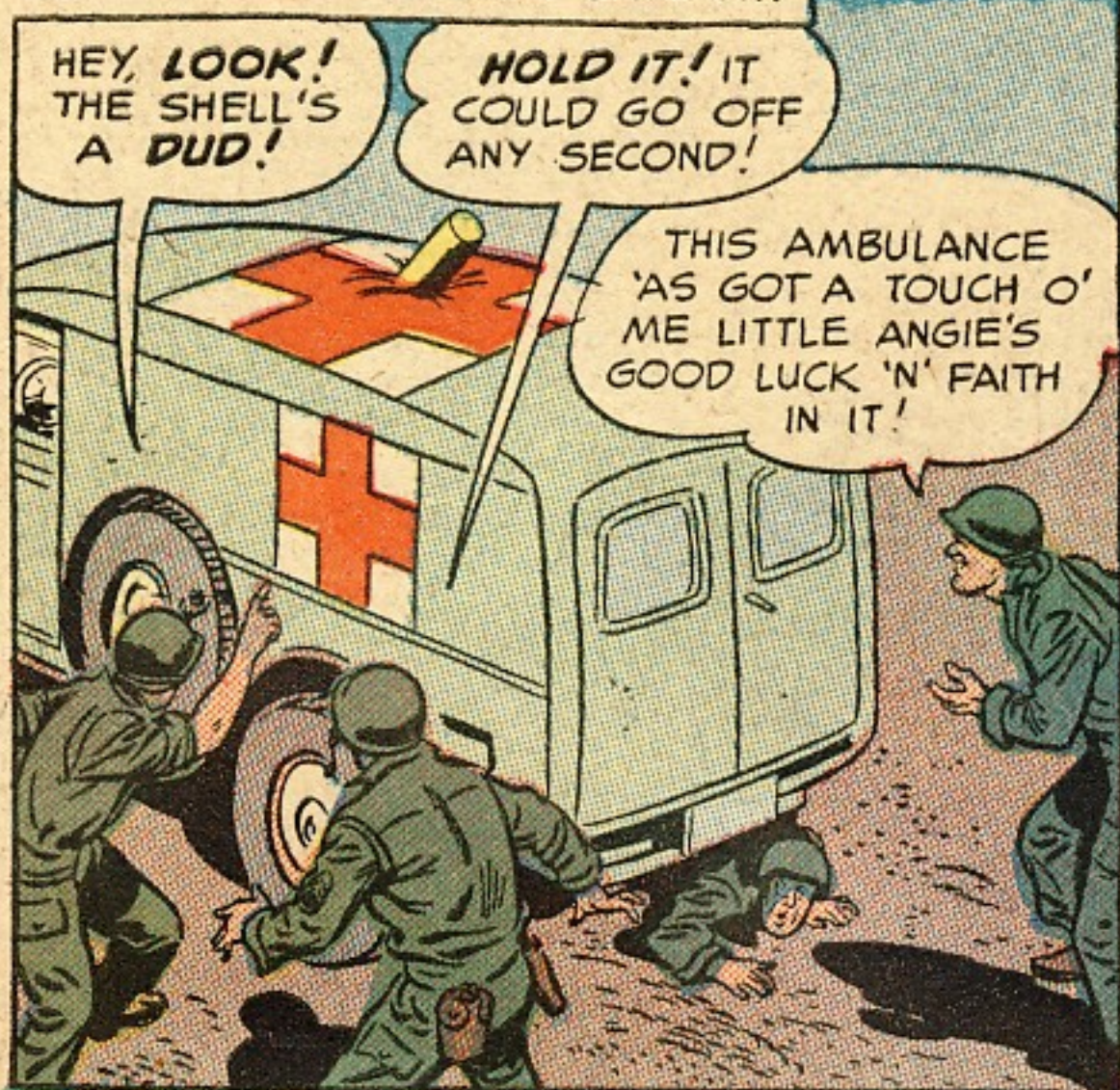
in

"Take Care of My Little Wagon"

STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF WAR! LIFE AND DEATH PIVOT ON THE WHIM OF TIME! ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING AFFECTING THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER CAN BECOME A SYMBOL OF EITHER HOPE OR DESPAIR. RED LARKIN AND FELLOW "B" COMPANY MEN LITTLE REALIZED THAT AN AMBULANCE WITH "A TOUCH O' MAGIC TO IT" COULD CHANGE THEIR WHOLE OUTLOOK ON LIFE... ESPECIALLY RED'S...



A FEW TENSE SECONDS LATER...

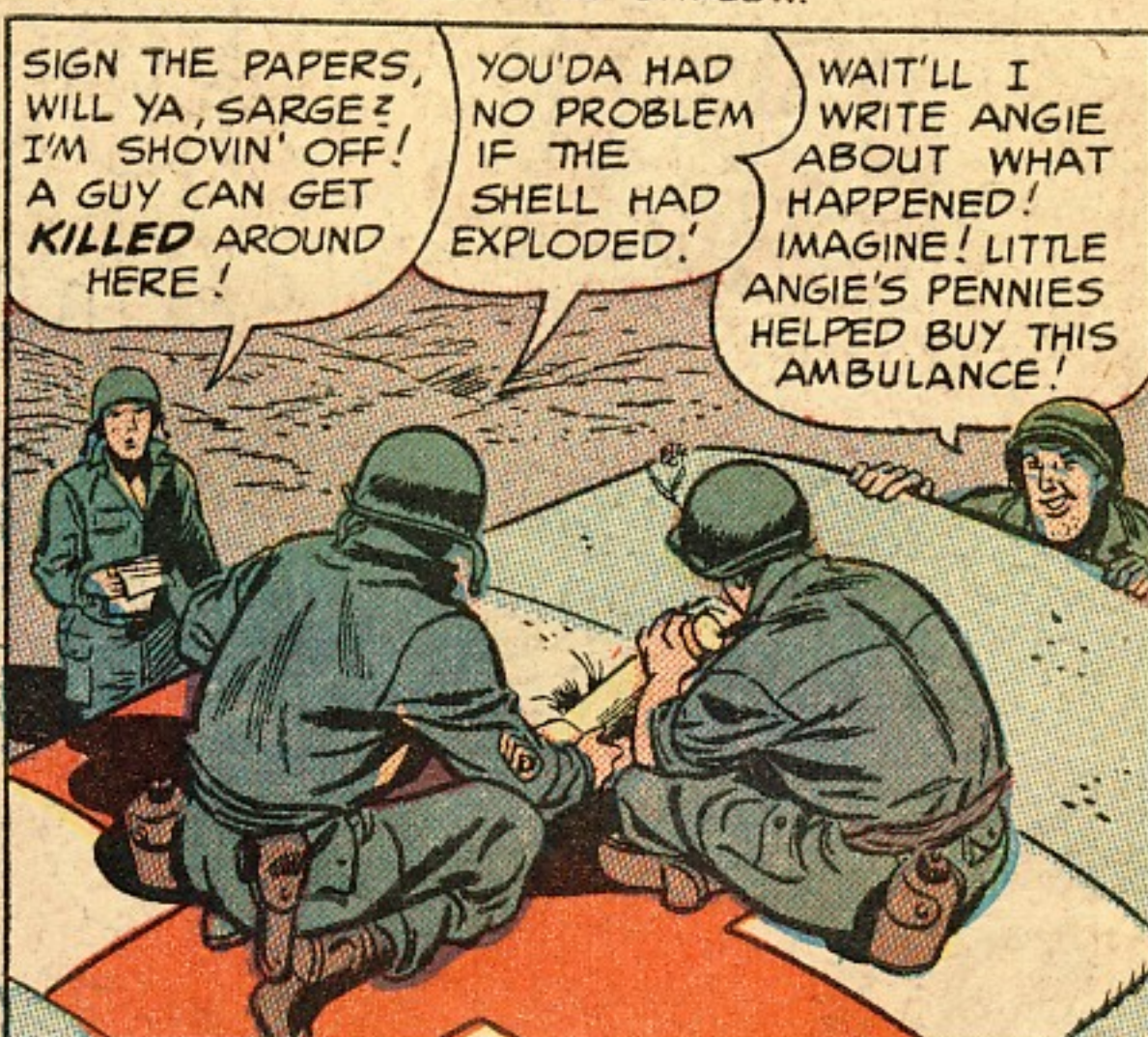


HEY, LOOK!
THE SHELL'S
A DUD!

HOLD IT! IT
COULD GO OFF
ANY SECOND!

THIS AMBULANCE
'AS GOT A TOUCH O'
ME LITTLE ANGIE'S
GOOD LUCK 'N' FAITH
IN IT!

AGONIZING MINUTES PASS...UNTIL MULVANEY AND JOE FINALLY DEFUSE THE SHELL...



SIGN THE PAPERS,
WILL YA, SARGE?
I'M SHOVIN' OFF!
A GUY CAN GET
KILLED AROUND
HERE!

YOU'DA HAD
NO PROBLEM
IF THE
SHELL HAD
EXPLODED!

WAIT'LL I
WRITE ANGIE
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED!
IMAGINE! LITTLE
ANGIE'S PENNIES
HELPED BUY THIS
AMBULANCE!



...AN' WITH TH'
SIGNIN' O' THESE
PAPERS, TH'
AMBULANCE
BECOMES TH'
PROPERTY O'
BAKER COMPANY!

YA KNOW, SARGE —
THERE'S SOMETHIN'
SPECIAL ABOUT
THIS AMBULANCE!
THREE TIMES
IT'S SAVED
MY LIFE ...!



...I WAS SHELLED
TWICE ON TH'
WAY UP HERE!
BUT THAT
AMBULANCE KEPT
GOIN' LIKE A
BREEZE! AN' NOW—
WHAT JUST HAPPENED
WIT' THAT DUD...



IF THAT WAGON **IS** LUCKY, WE CAN
SURE USE IT! HEAVY LOSSES —
AN' MORALE'S LOWER'N A
SNAKE'S BELLY!

HEY, SARGE —
LOUTENANT
PARKER WANTS A
SEE YA!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



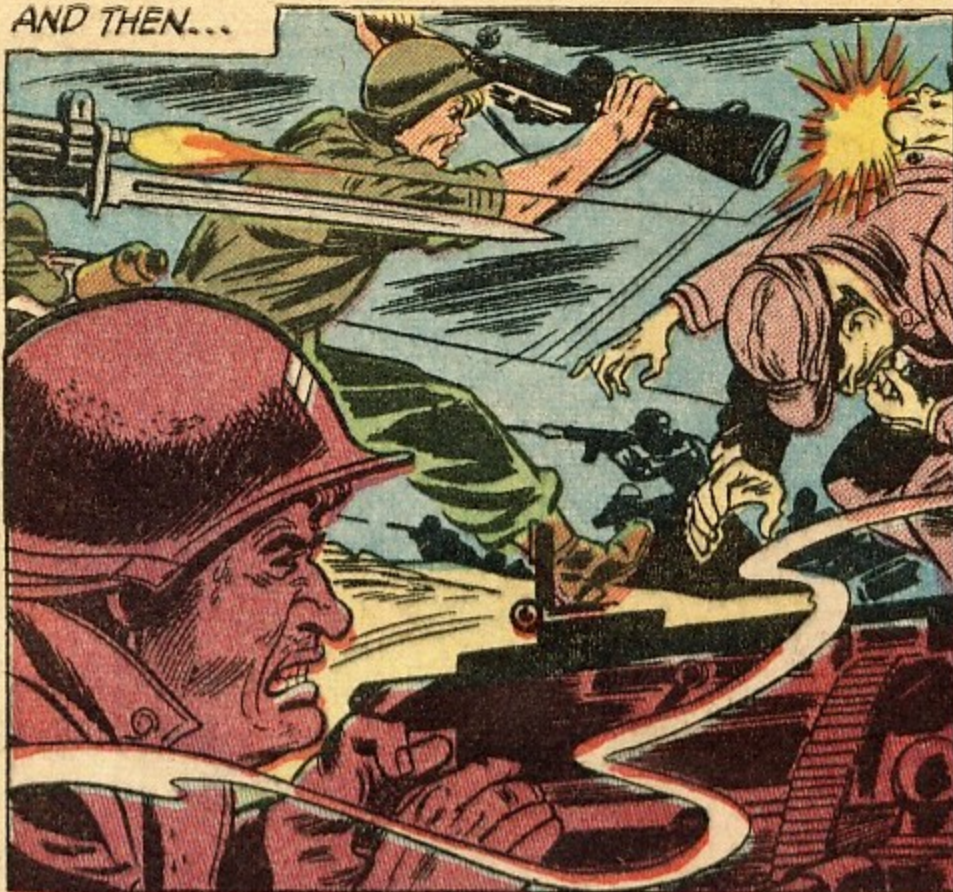
SPECIAL ORDERS JUST ARRIVED, SERGEANT!
JUST BEFORE DAWN TOMORROW, WE'RE
ORDERED TO MOVE OUT AND TAKE THIS
RED ARTILLERY POSITION! IT'S HEAVILY
FORTIFIED! WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY
MAN WE'VE GOT--AND **EVERY MAN'S SHARE**
OF LUCK TO GET THROUGH!

LOOKS LIKE
MAYBE WE GOT
THIS HERE
AMBULANCE JUST
IN TIME, SIR!

AND IN THE BLEAK LIGHT OF DAWN...



AND THEN...



SEEMINGLY HOURS LATER...

WELL, WE **TOOK** IT, SERGEANT! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT UNTIL RE-INFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!

I'VE GOT THE MEN DIGGING IN, SIR! WE'LL BE READY IF THE REDS COUNTER-ATTACK!



AS BAKER COMPANY SECURES ITS POSITION...

THERE'S NOT MANY GUYS HURT! ONLY A COUPLE OF--

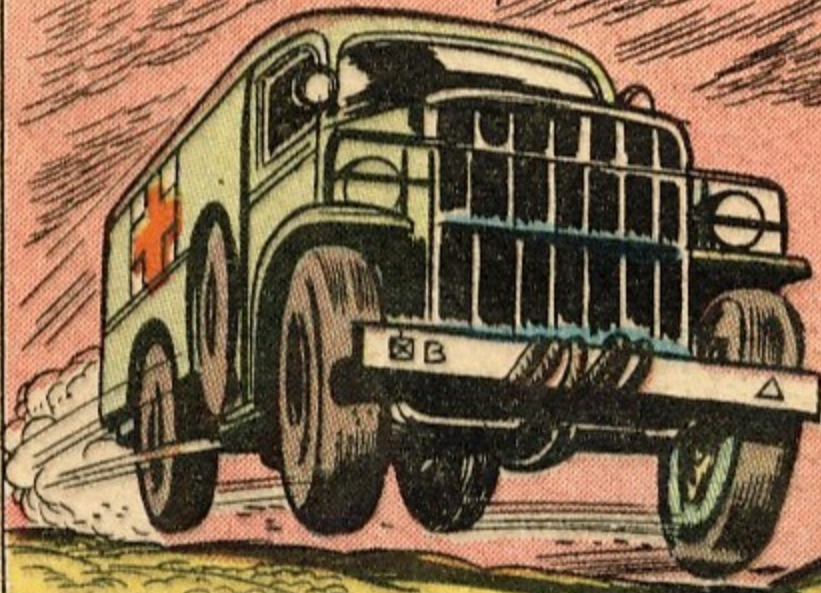
LIEUTENANT! RED LARKIN'S GOT A BAD WOUND! HE'S LOSIN' BLOOD **FAST!**



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE AMBULANCE IS ROARING RED LARKIN ON HIS WAY...

THIS WAGON MUST BE **JET-PROPELLED**, JOE!

AN' I HARDLY GOT MY FOOT ON THE GAS!



AT MEDICS...

LARKIN'S A VERY LUCKY MAN! A FEW MORE MINUTES AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!-- YOU MAY GO IN TO SEE HIM NOW!



I **TOLD** YE, ME LITTLE ANGIE'S TOUCH OF MAGIC 'N' FAITH WAS IN THAT WAGON!

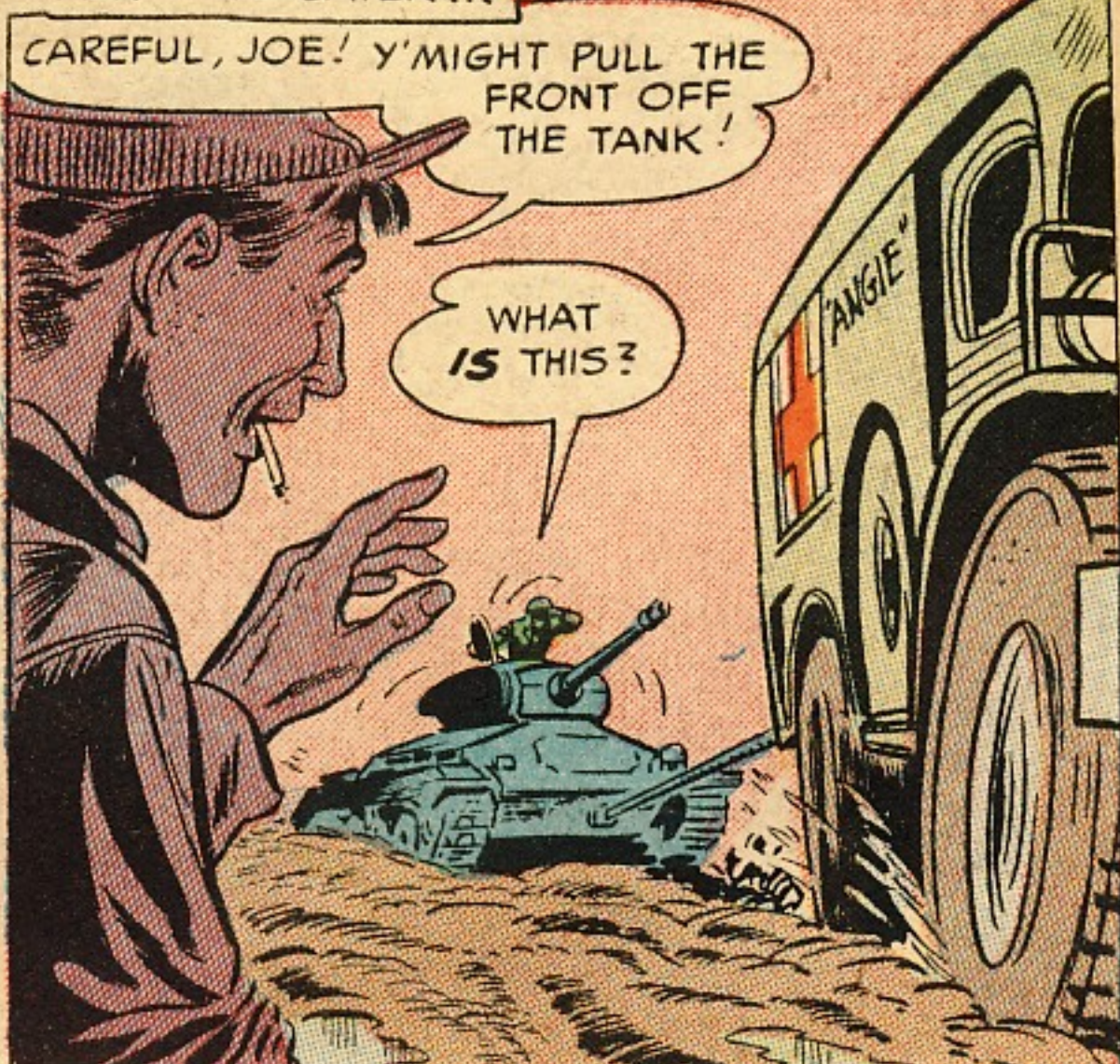
IT'S BROUGHT US **ALL** SUCH GOOD LUCK, RED-- WE NAMED 'ER **'ANGIE'!**



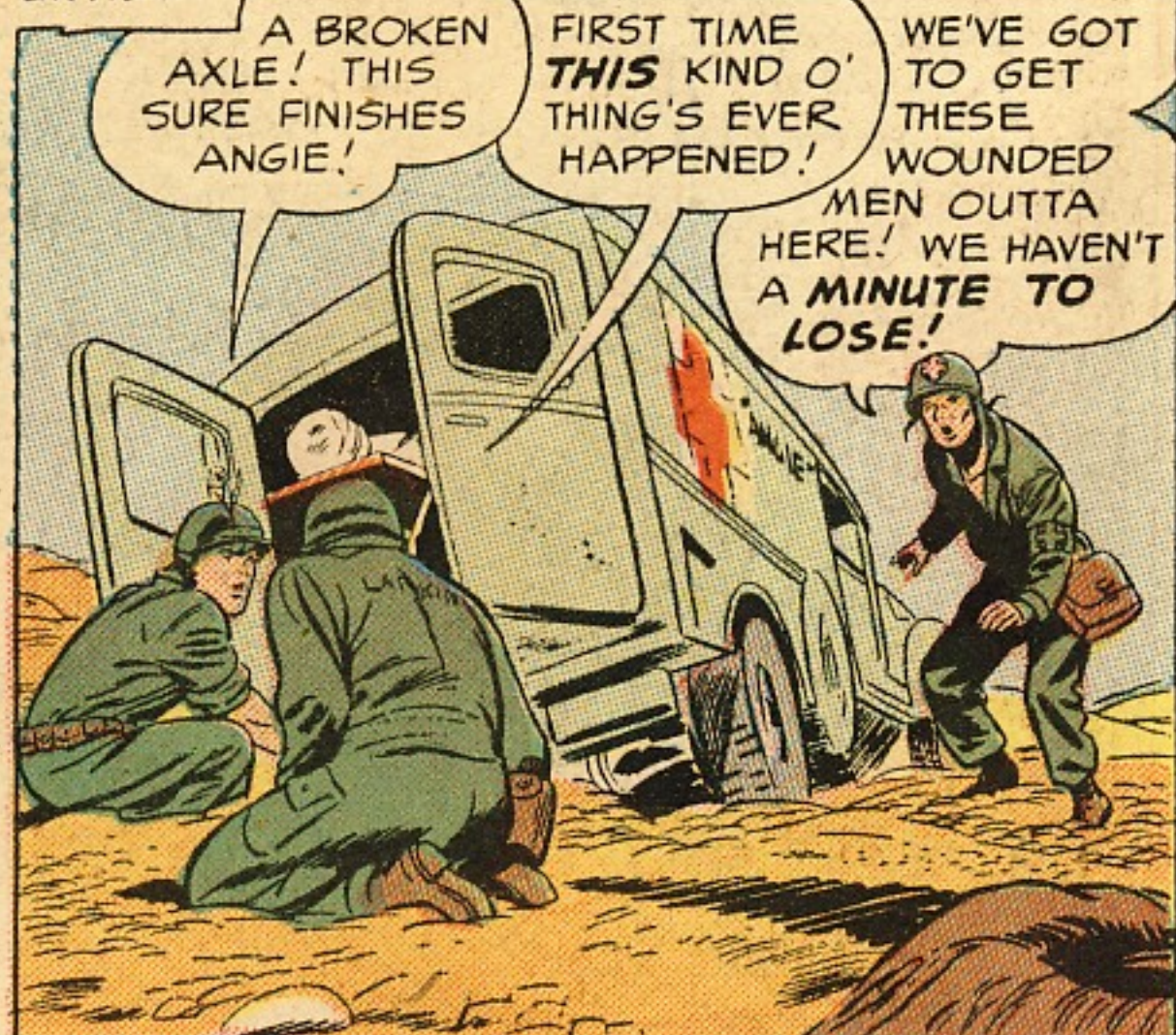
A FEW WEEKS LATER...



A FEW DAYS LATER...



'ANGIE'S TOUCH O' MAGIC' SEEMED INVULNERABLE, UNTIL...



AND A WEEK LATER...



THAT'S TH' **THIRD** GUY WE'VE LOST ON ACCOUNTA NOT BEATIN' TIME! WHAT'S **HAPPENED?**



THAT EVENING'S MAIL CALL...





POLIO! GOSH!

I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY!

AN' ALL LITTLE ANGIE
CAN THINK OF WRITIN'
IS: "DADDY — TAKE
CARE OF MY LITTLE
WAGON!"



JOE — CARP! THIS LETTER IS
DATED THE VERY SAME DAY THE
AMBULANCE FIRST BROKE DOWN!
I HAD A FEELIN' **THEN** SOMETHIN'
WAS WRONG WITH ME LITTLE GIRL!



THAT NIGHT...

...AND WE CAN'T PROMISE YOU
MEN SUPPORT! IT'S A
DANGEROUS MISSION, BUT A VITAL
ONE! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS,
WE'VE **GOT** TO HAVE THIS INFORMATION!



SOON, HOOSIER RETURNS — **ALONE!**

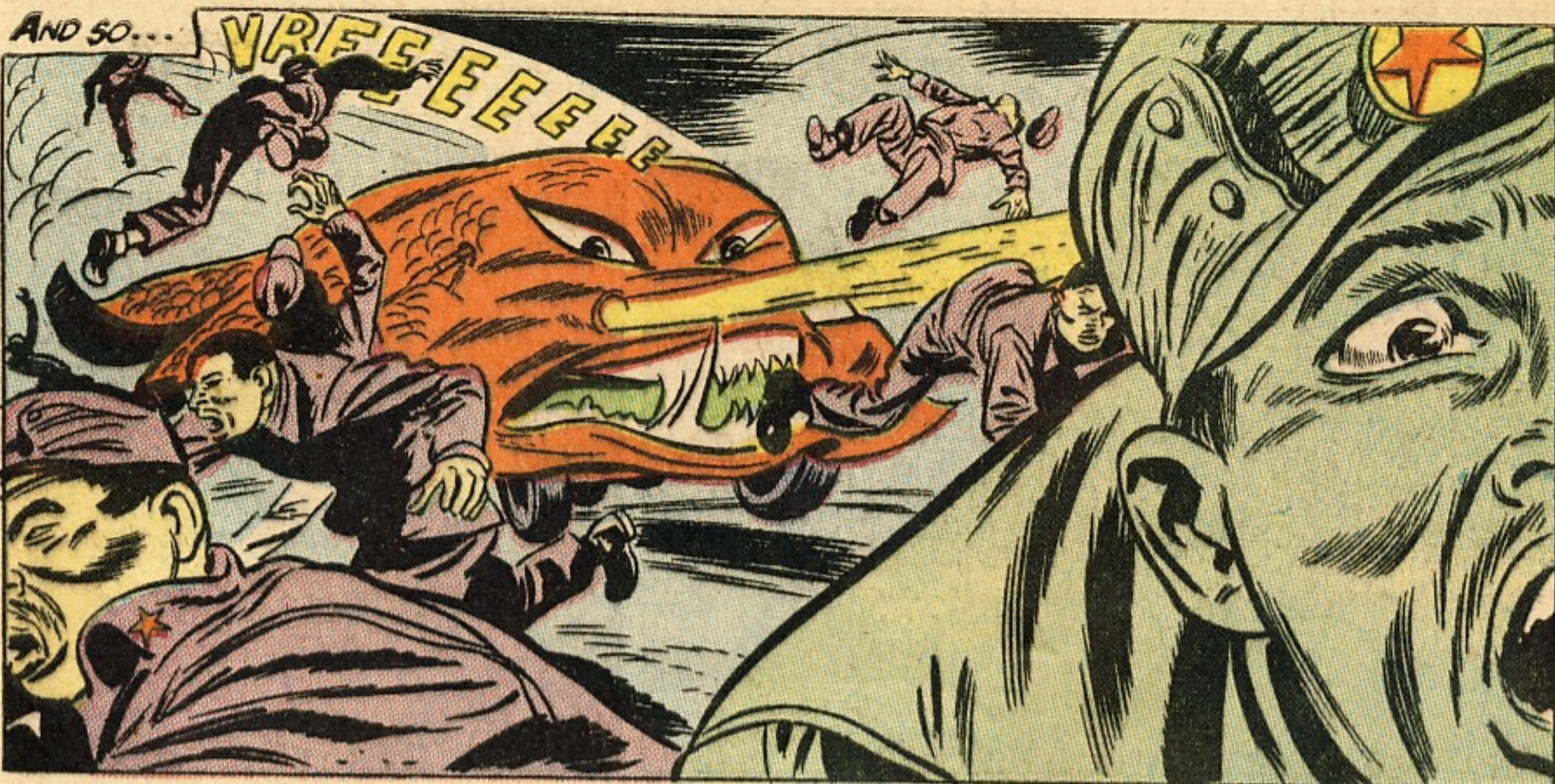
B-BURCH AND L-LARKIN,
SIR! TH- THE REDS GOT
'EM **TRAPPED** OUT THERE!



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D VOLUNTEER
TO A MAN! BUT I HAVE TO WARN
YOU — ANYONE WHO GOES OUT THERE
IS FACING ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH! IT'S--



WAIT A SECOND, LOOTENANT!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF I CAN GET
A TENT — AN' SOME PAINT — I
THINK THIS'LL **WORK!**



THE "MONSTER" ROLLS TO A STOP...

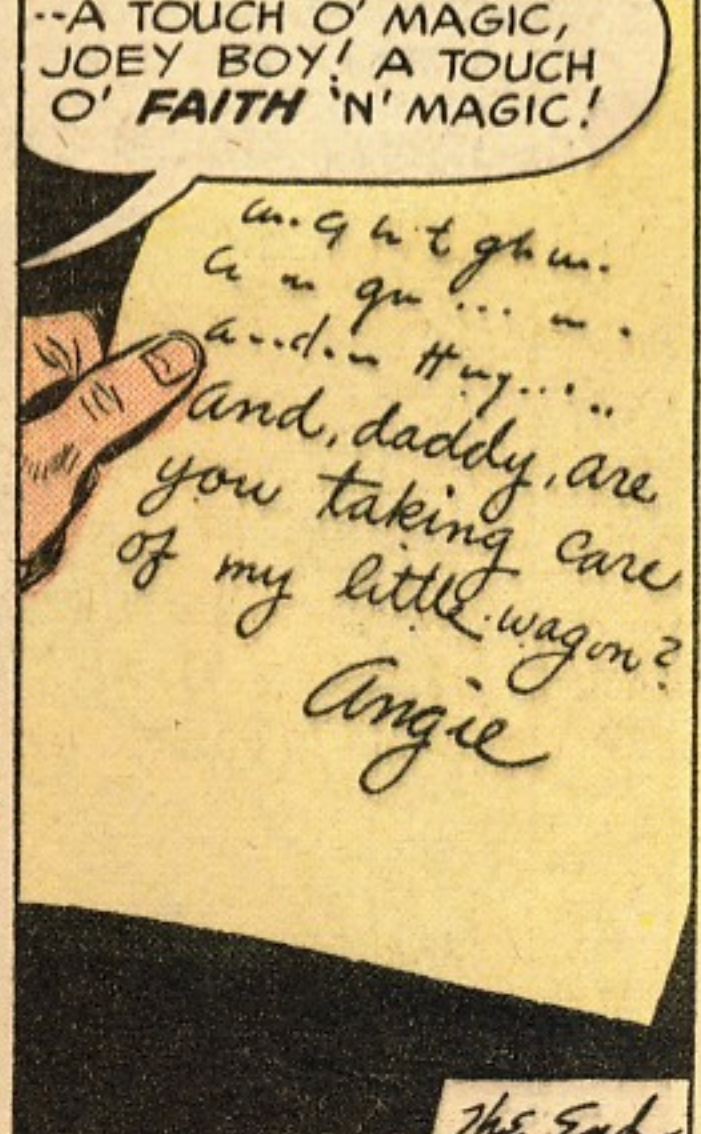


AND JUST AFTER SUNRISE...



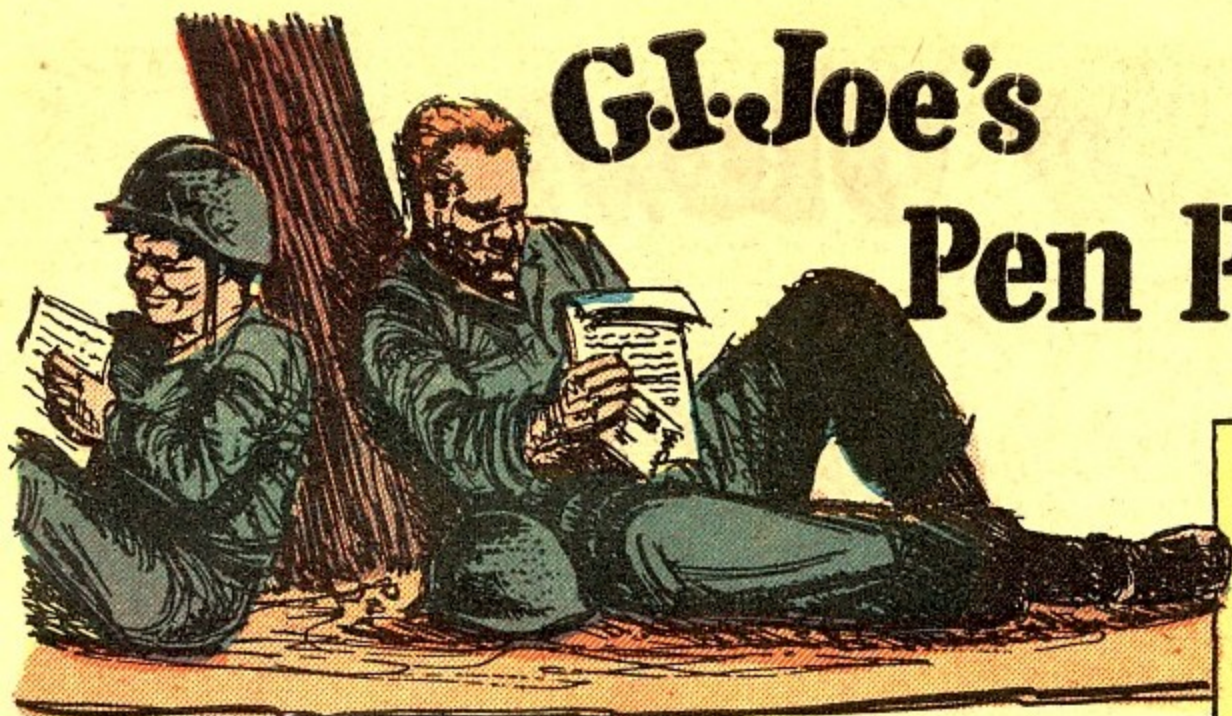
MAIL CALL, NEARLY A MONTH LATER...

BUT A MOMENT LATER...



G.I. Joe's

Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S IN KOREA WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS **YOUR** PAGE. EVERY MONTH, LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN **G.I. JOE** ON THIS, OUR "PEN PALS" PAGE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

JENA CATALLO, 854 WOODWORTH ST., CLOVIS, CALIF....is 17 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall...has brown hair and brown eyes. Hobbies: reading, writing and sports. Jena writes: "You have names of G.I.'s overseas who do not get mail...maybe you can give me some names of boys I can write."

★ ★ ★

DOLORES SILVER, 6972 NORTH CLARK, CHICAGO, ILL....Likes to be called "Dorie." Has reddish brown hair and green eyes...is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and "everyone says I have a pretty nice figure." Is 18 years old. Hobbies: swimming, roller skating and golf. She loves to dance.

★ ★ ★

IRENE PHYLLIS LEAVITT, BOWDOINHAM, MAINE, R. F. D. #2...is 22 years old, 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, brown eyes and brown hair. She says: "I sure would like to be one person back home to cheer up some...lonely G.I....please write and tell me about yourself."

LUCY TAYLOR, 533 NORTH 4th STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA. Age 25, height 5 feet, 9 inches, weight 125 pounds, hair black, eyes brown. "Maybe I can cheer somebody up a little," writes Lucy, "even though I am a poor letter writer...maybe I can do a little good." Lucy loves to receive mail, especially "letters from boys in service."

★ ★ ★

LELIA ROBINSON, ELMIRA, N. Y., R. D. #2...is 17 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall...enjoys reading, singing, motion pictures and drawing...would like photographs of some G.I.'s. Lelia says: "I'll enjoy getting letters from whoever wants to write to me. More than one of you can, if you want to, and I will gladly answer all letters I receive..."

★ ★ ★

DEOTA LUDDERS, 1941 FREMONT AVE. SOUTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN....is 19 years old, 5 feet, 4½ inches tall, weighs 132 pounds...has blonde hair, blue eyes...likes to dance, roller skate, read and bowl...sews her own clothes, cooks, knits and crochets. Loves to write letters. Writes to boys in Germany, Korea and the States. Wants more correspondents.

This is your page—Send us your letters

PVT. DANNY O'LOWD in "NO HOLDS BARRED"

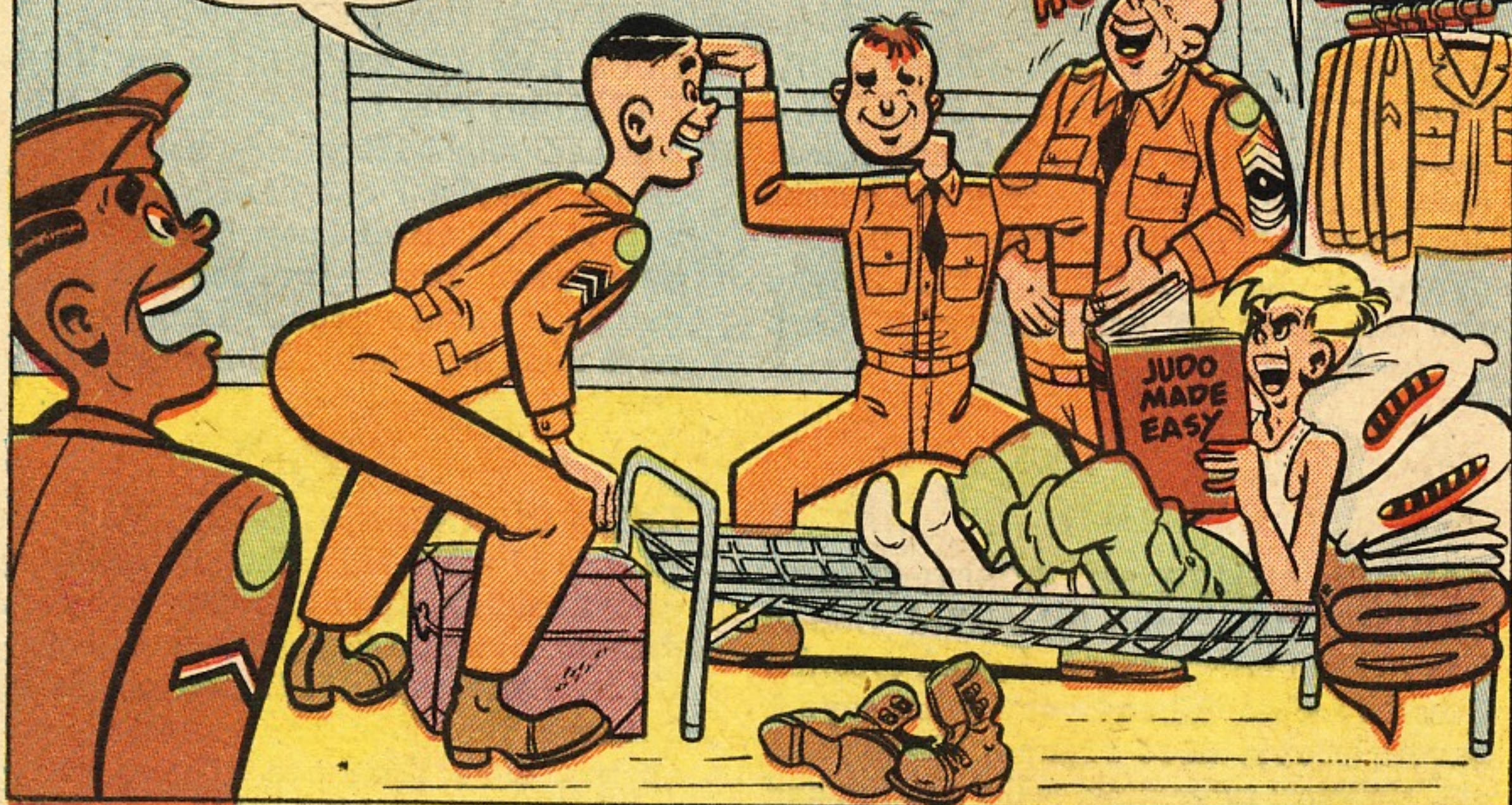
THE BIGGEST GAS-BAG IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES IS NOT AN OBSERVATION BALLOON. IT'S PRIVATE DANNY O'LOWD, PRESENTLY ATTACHED TO THE INFANTRY REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER AT FORT DOGFACE, GEORGIA. IN HIS BARRACKS, PRIVATE O'LOWD PURSUES HIS STUDIES, WITH THE HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF HIS BUDDIES ...

GET A LOAD OF O'LOWD! HE'S STUDYIN' JAPANESE RASSLIN'!

THE ONLY THING YOU CAN RASSLE, O'LOWD, IS A TRAY OF CHOW IN THE MESS-HALL!

YEAH? LOOK, WISE GUYS! A MAN WHO KNOWS JUDO CAN FOIL ANY ATTACK, "HOWEVER SUDDEN, VIOLENT OR POWERFUL," LIKE THE BOOK SAYS! AND I KNOW JUDO!

HO HO HO HO



FER INSTANCE-- JUST TRY TO PUNCH ME IN THE NOSE! YOU TRY IT, SERGEANT SNEAR-- PUNCH ME IN THE NOSE!

WELL, DANIEL, OLD BOY-- IF YOU INSIST!



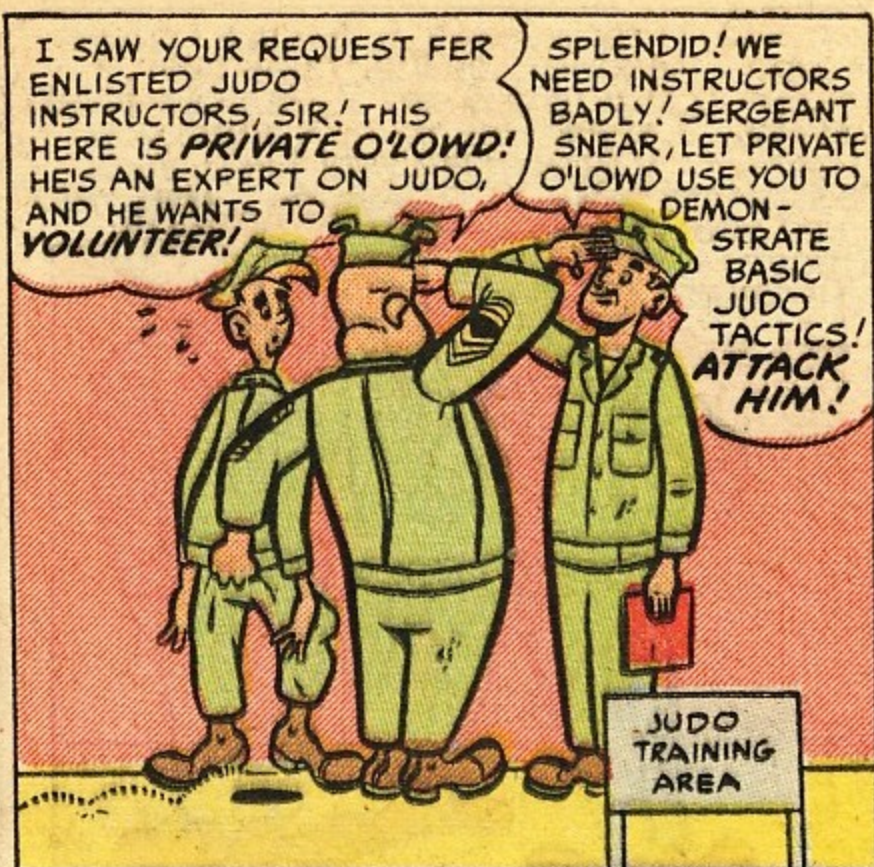
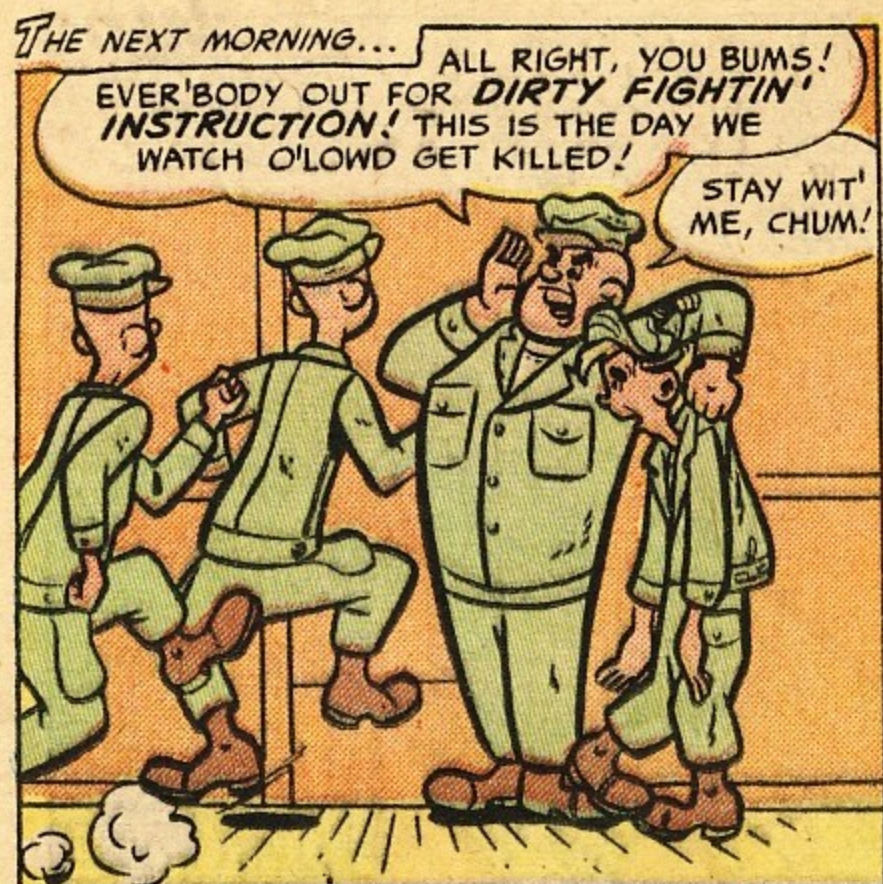
WAS THAT QUITE SATISFACTORY, PRIVATE O'LOWD? OR SHOULD WE MAYBE RUN THROUGH IT AGAIN?

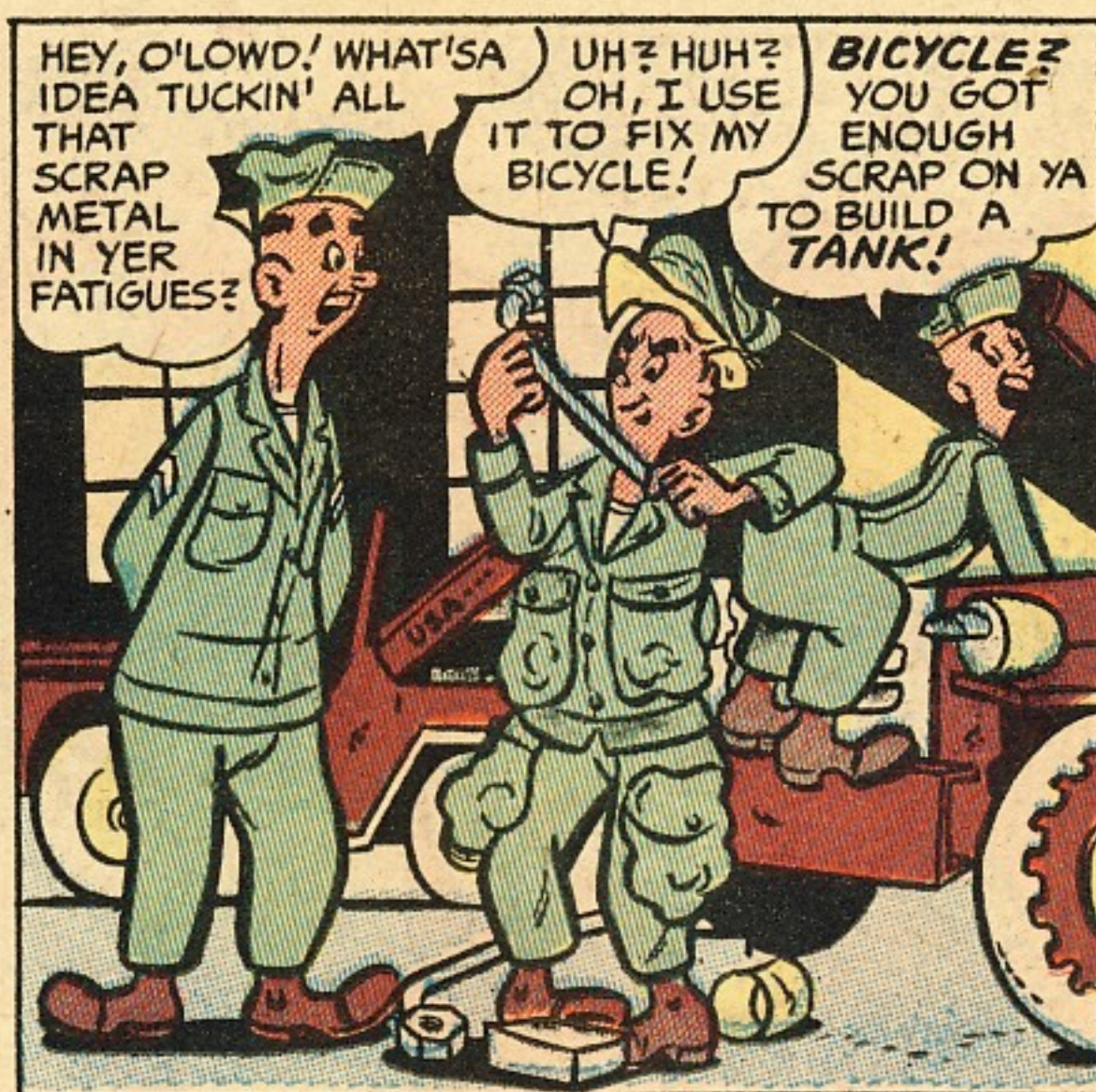
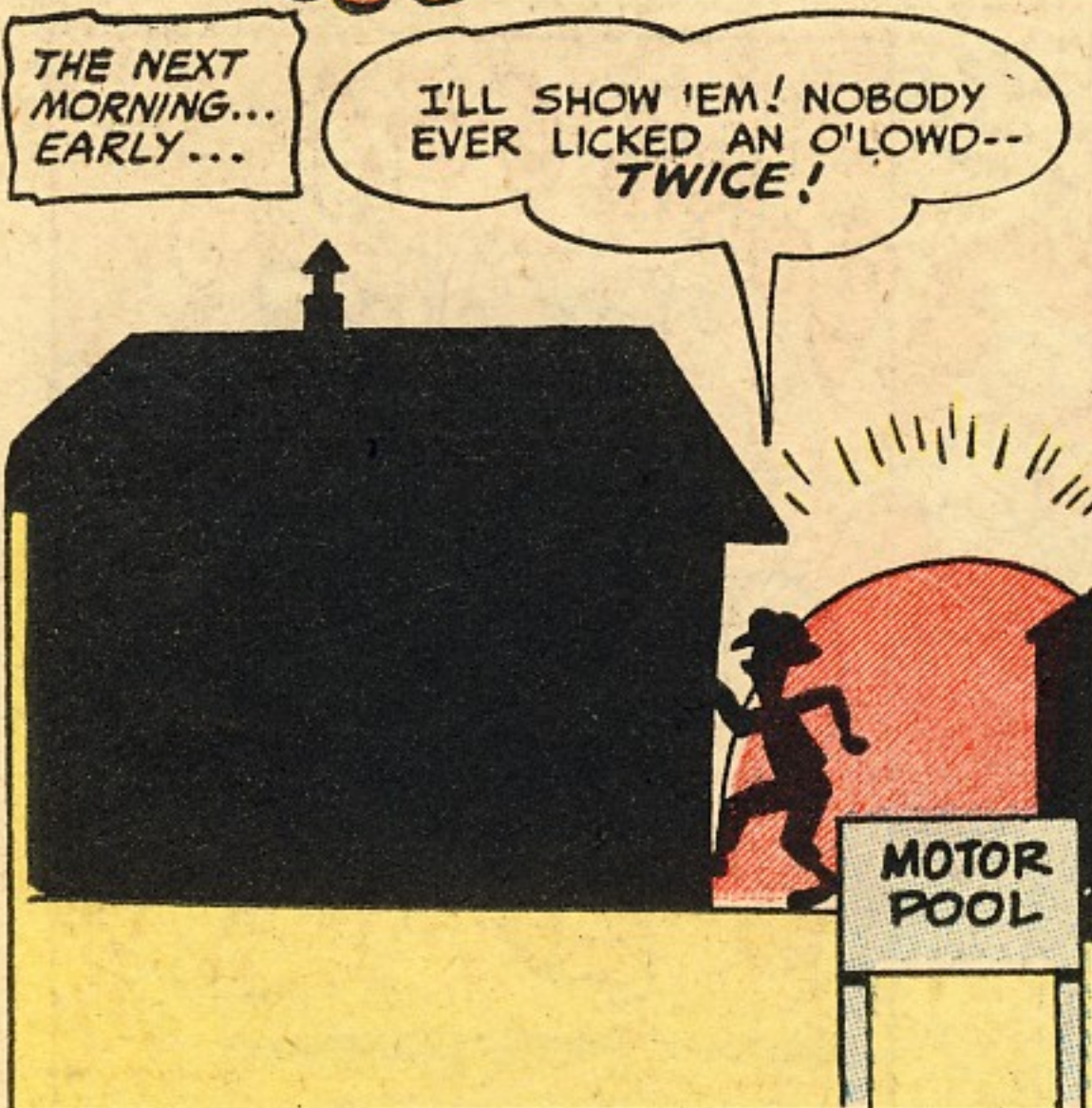
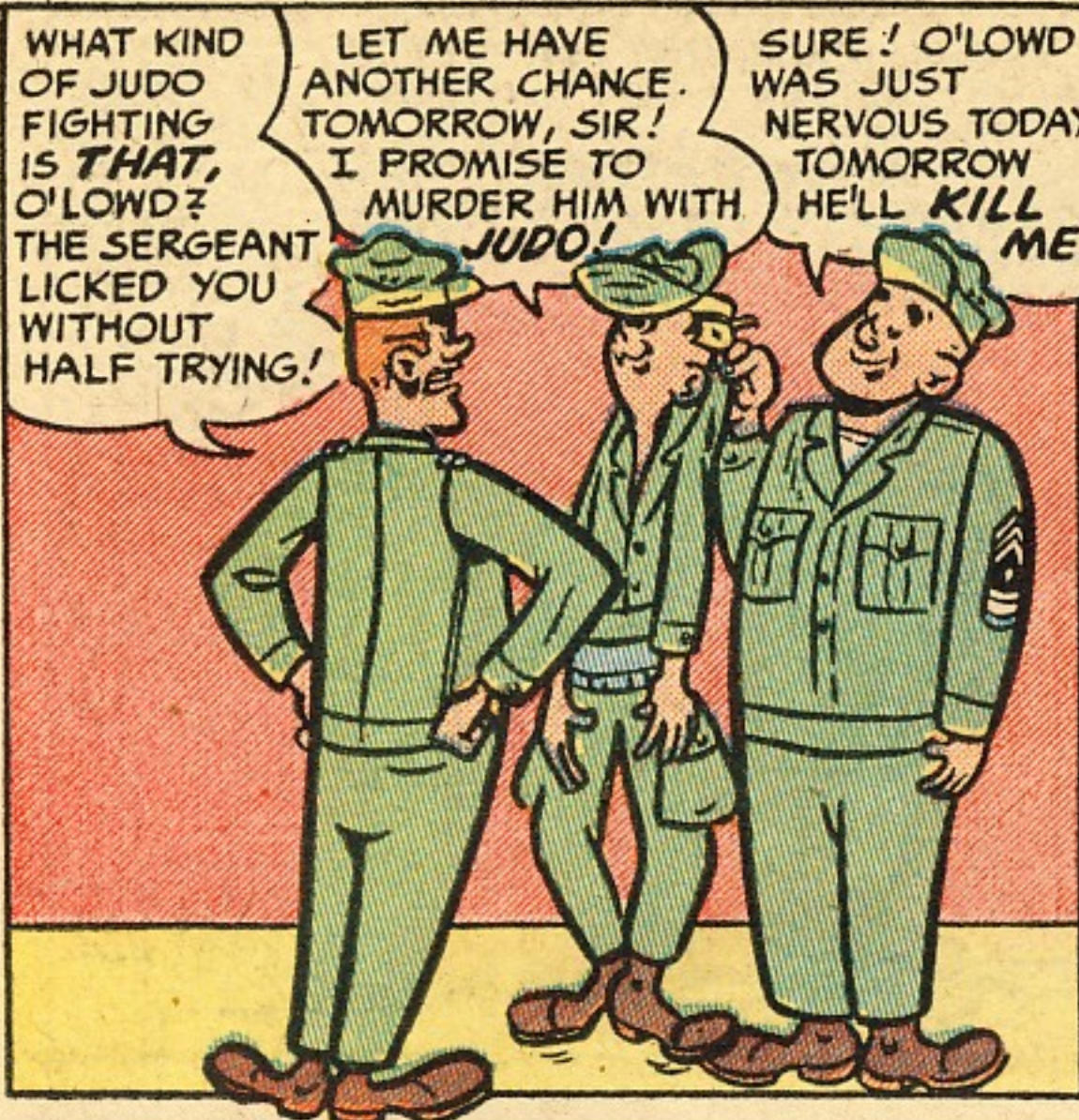
SPLAT!

(GROAN) THAT WAS AN UNORTHODOX PUNCH! ACCORDIN' TO THE BOOK I SHOULD'A BROKE YOUR ARM! YOU CHEATED!

NOBODY CALLS CECIL SNEAR A CHEATER! HEADQUARTERS WANTS JUDO INSTRUCTORS AND I'M VOLUNTEERING FOR YOU, RIGHT NOW! TOMORROW MORNING YOU GET A WHOLE NEW CAREER, "RASSLER"!











BUDDIES

in

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN

SERGEANT ED "PAPPY" RICHARDSON WAS OLD ARMY. HE HAD MORE SERVICE THAN ALL THE MEN IN HIS SQUAD COMBINED. HE WAS PROUD OF HIS CAMPAIGN RECORD BUT PROUDER STILL OF AN ONLY SON IN THE STATES. AS THE SQUAD PICKS UP A REPLACEMENT BEFORE IT MOVES INTO THE LINE ...



IF HE AIN'T THE IMAGE OF MY OWN SON! YOU'RE IN LUCK, DANNY! YOU'VE HIT THE BEST SQUAD IN "CHARLIE" COMPANY!

THEY TOLD ME BACK AT HEADQUARTERS THAT "PAPPY" RICHARDSON MAKES SOLDIERS OUT OF ROOKIES LIKE ME! I'M SURE GLAD I WAS ASSIGNED HERE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN FAST, SLATER! WE'RE MOVING UP SOON!

NINETEEN YEARS OLD! JUST LIKE MY KID RUDY! I JUST SENT HIM TO A SWANK COLLEGE! GOT BIG PLANS FOR THE KID... NO MUD SLOGGIN' FOR MY BOY!

YA MEAN TO SAY, WITH A THIRTY-YEAR MAN FOR A FATHER, HE AIN'T DYIN' TO GET INTO THE ARMY?

YEAH, HE GOT A SCREWBALL IDEA ABOUT JOINING THE AIR CORPS! I LET HIM HAVE IT! THAT LETTER I SENT REALLY SIZZLED! HE STAYS IN COLLEGE FOR THE DURATION!

WHAT'S A MATTER, SARGE? THE ARMY TOO GOOD FOR HIM? THEY NEED ALL SORTS OF GUYS TO WIN THIS WAR!





LISTEN, TORGIE, THEY GOT THIRTY YEARS OUTA **ME!** THAT'S ENOUGH FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY! BESIDES, MY KID'S NEVER MADE A MOVE WITHOUT MY SAY-SO!

HOW DO YUH EXPECT HIM TO GROW UP IF HE CAN'T DO THINGS FOR HIMSELF? YOU'RE CRAMPIN' HIS STYLE, PAPPY!



TORGOFF MAY BE RIGHT, SARGE!

NAAA! TORGOFF LOVES TO GRIPE! YOU JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, KID! AND YOU'LL COME THROUGH WITH A WHOLE SKIN!

THE SQUAD MOVES INTO THE LINES...



THIS LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH! DROP YOUR GEAR AN' DIG IN GUYS! FARRELL, YOU'RE LOOKOUT 'TIL WE GET SET!

WHERE SHOULD **I** DIG, SARGE?



WE'LL MAKE A FOXHOLE BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US, KID! YOU'LL STICK CLOSE TO ME FOR AWHILE!

LOOK AT THAT, HARRY! THE SARGE HAS BECOME A BABY SITTER!

AN HOUR LATER...



REDS! A WHOLE PLATOON OF THEM ACROSS THE FIELD TOWARD US!

BACK IN YOUR HOLES. GET THOSE WEAPONS POINTED DOWNFIELD AND DON'T FIRE 'TIL YUH GOT A TARGET!



BUT I WANNA TAKE A CRACK AT...

I SAID DOWN IN THAT HOLE 'TIL I TELL YUH TO COME UP! **THAT'S AN ORDER!**

AS THE REDS COME WITHIN RANGE...



SWEEP THAT FIELD TORGIE! KEEP THOSE GUNS WORKING!

BOY! WE'RE CUTTING HOLES IN THEM!

RAT TAT TAT

REMEMBER, KID, YOU STAY IN THE HOLE! C'MON, MEN, AFTER 'EM!

BLAM!



THE FIERCE COUNTER-ATTACK WIPES OUT ALL ENEMY RESISTANCE...



SWELL JOB! WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH! NOW, LET'S GET BACK!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE NEW KID, SARGE? DON'T TELL ME YUH LEFT HIM BEHIND?

SO WHAT'S IT TO YOU? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO RUN THIS SQUAD, TORGIE?

NO, SARGE! I JUST THOUGHT HE OUGHT TO GET BATTLE-WISE! A CLOSE LOOK AT THE COMMIE WON'T HURT HIM! HE'S GOTTA LEARN SOMETIME!



THE REDS ATTACK SEVERAL TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, BUT SGT. RICHARDSON STILL "SITS" ON THE YOUNG DANNY SLATER...



BUT ALL I DO IS SIT IN THIS HOLE, SARGE! LEMME...

GIT DOWN! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO PLAY HERO!

LATER DURING A PROLONGED LULL ALONG THE FRONT...

FOG'S CUT DOWN ON OUR AIR OBSERVATION! WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT THE REDS ARE DOING! TAKE YOUR SQUAD OUT AND CHECK THEIR LINES, SERGEANT!

YES, SIR! WE'LL SHOVE OFF IN AN HOUR!



THE SQUAD MOVES OUT TO PATROL...

BUT, SARGE, YOU DON'T GIVE ME A SINGLE CHANCE...

THERE'LL BE ENOUGH CHANCES, KID! YOU JUST STAY HERE 'TIL WE GET BACK, UNNERSTAND?



THE HOURS PASS...

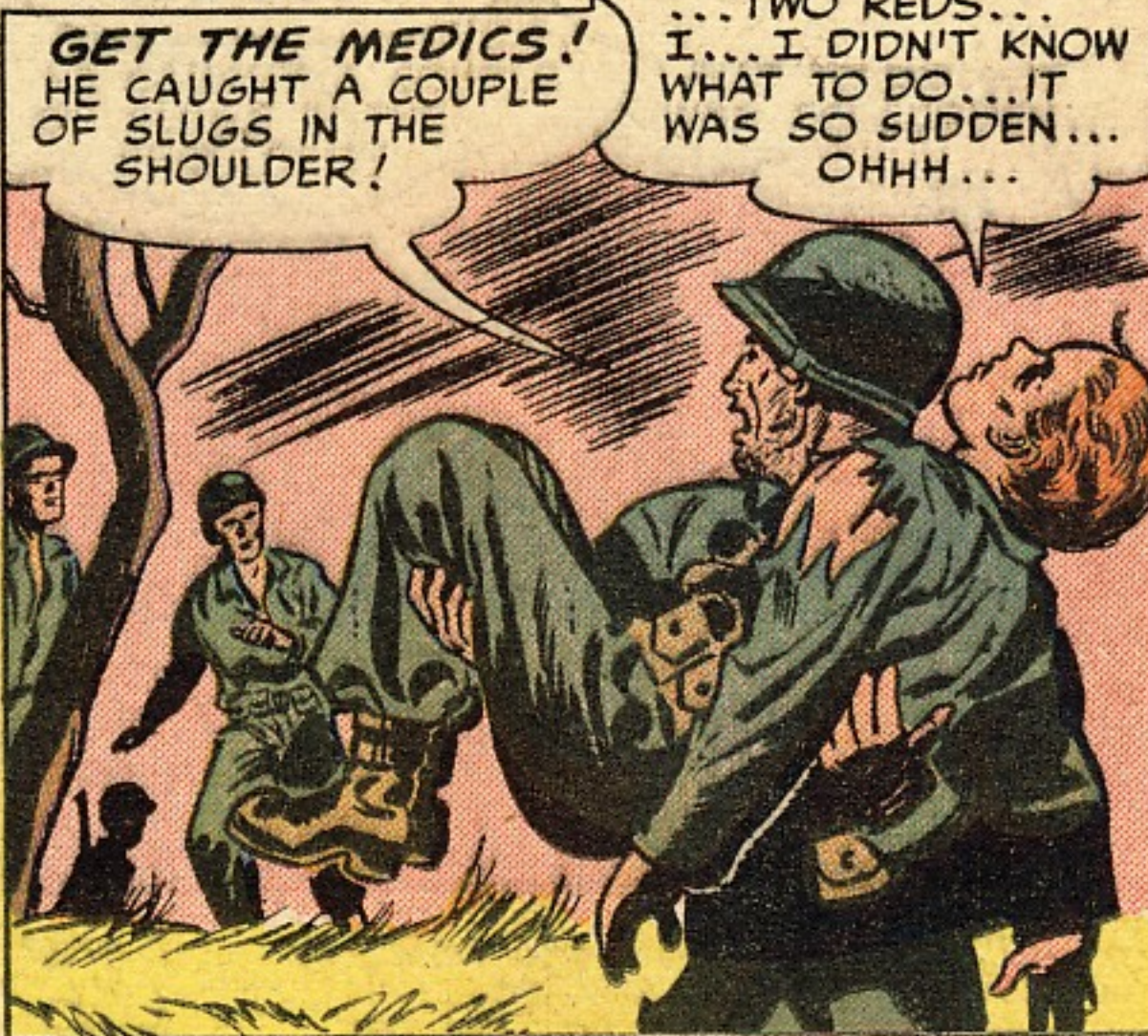
THE FLANK OF A SNEAK PATROL SPOTS THE KID...



AS THE SQUAD RETURNS FROM ITS MISSION...



OMENTS LATER...



SHADDUP! SHADDUP! ALL I DID WAS LOOK OUT FOR HIM... LIKE HE WAS MY OWN SON!

SOME WEEKS LATER...



I SURE MISS THAT KID!

I SAW HIM AT
BATTALION AID,
YESTERDAY, PAPPY!
THEY WAS GIVIN' HIM A
FINAL CHECK! HE'S JUST
ABOUT DUE TO RETURN!

THEN DANNY RETURNS ON THE NEXT DAY...



HEY, KID—DANNY—
OVER HERE! GOT A
PLACE WAITIN' FOR
YA, RIGHT BESIDE
ME!

LEMME ALONE!
YOUR KIND OF
PROTECTION
ALMOST COST ME
MY NECK... I'M ON
MY OWN FROM NOW ON!



C'MERE, YOU! WHERE DO YUH THINK
YOU'RE GOING?

TO SGT. TRACEY'S SQUAD!
I REQUESTED A TRANSFER!
I FIGURED IT ALL OUT! IF I EVER
WANTED TO STAND ON MY OWN
FEET, I HAD TO GET OUT FROM
UNDER YOUR WING!
SO LONG, PAPPY!



GO AHEAD, YOU APES, LAUGH! THAT'S
GRATITUDE FOR YOU! I TREATED HIM
JUST LIKE A FATHER!

IN THE
NEXT
FEW
DAYS
THE
REDS
STARTED
A
SOFTENING
UP
CAMPAIGN.
IN HIS
NEW
SQUAD,
THE
KID
SHARES
EVERY
RESPONSI-
BILITY...



RAM ANOTHER SHELL IN
THIS DRAINPIPE, SLATER!!
THEY'RE STILL
COMING!

WE'RE
STOPPING
'EM!
THEY'RE
FALLING
BACK!

WHEN THE REDS' ALL OUT OFFENSIVE ROLLS...

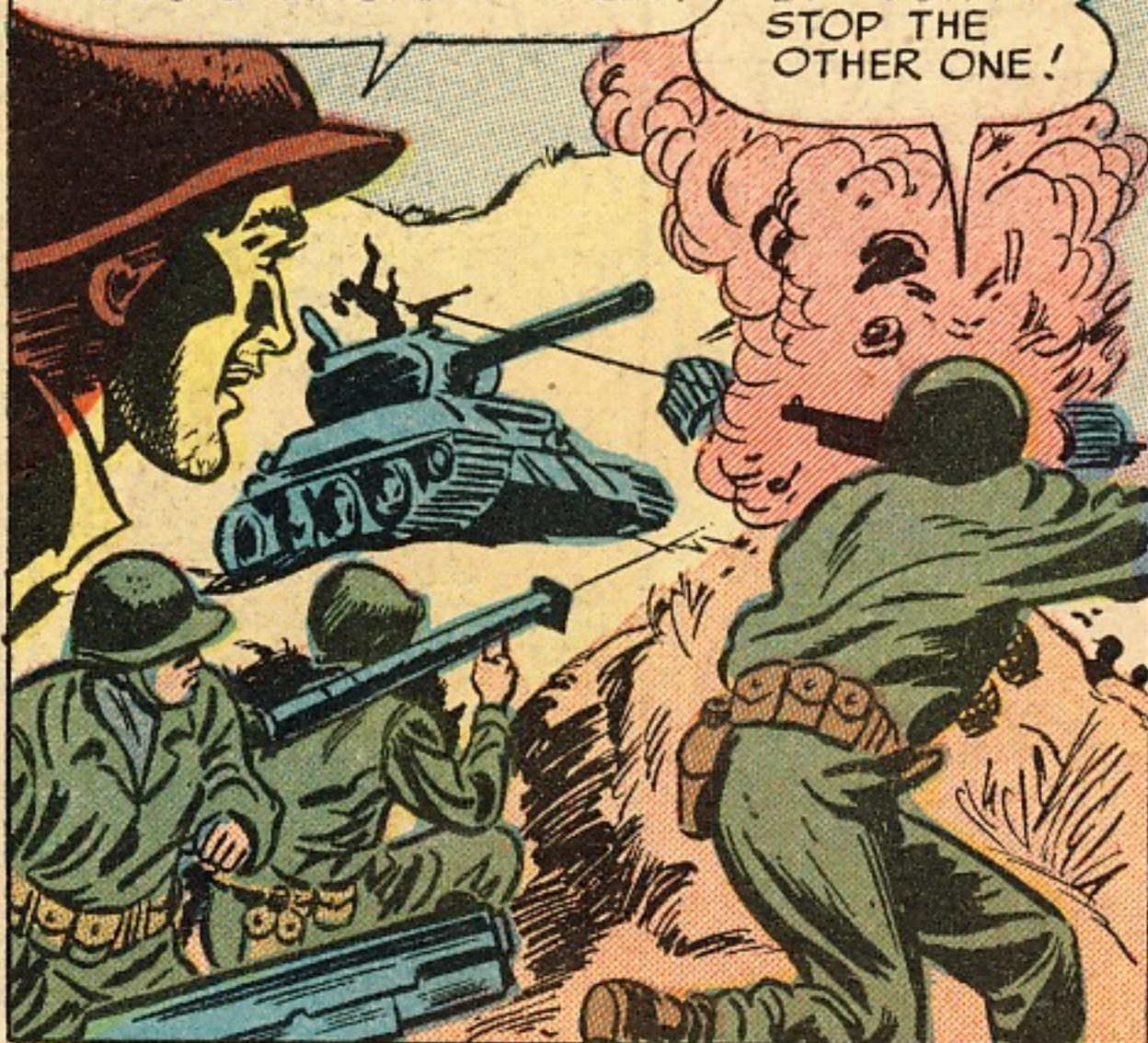
WE'VE ROLLED BACK THEIR FLANK, BUT THE SPEARHEAD'S GOIN' THROUGH ON OUR RIGHT! THEY NEED HELP, BAD!

THAT MUST BE PAPPY'S SQUAD! WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO!



WE BLASTED ONE OF THEM!

I'M GONNA STOP THE OTHER ONE!



LOOK AT THAT DOGGIE ON THE TANK! HEY! IT'S THE KID! THE KID!



WHAM!



THE KID IS UP AGAIN, TO SPARK THE WHOLE LINE IN AN EFFORT TO TURN THE RED TIDE...

WHEN THE MOPPING UP IS COMPLETED...

THAT EVENING AS A HUSH SETTLES OVER THE LINES...

WHO'S THAT FIRE-BRAND UP ON THE TANK, SERGEANT? HE SAVED OUR SKINS!

PRIVATE SLATER, SIR! THE FINEST KID I EVER SAW! REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER KID I KNOW!



GEE, I'M HOT!

BOY, YOU WERE **SIZZLING!** I GOTTA ADMIT, KID, PLAYIN' PAPPA TO YOU IN A FOX-HOLE DIDN'T HELP TURN YOU INTO A SOLDIER! YOU DID IT ALL YOURSELF!



Dear Son,

... and if you want to join the air corps, go ahead and enlist. I'll trust your judgement and I know you'll make good. You're on your own now, Rudy...

The End

ROOKIE TIPS

MOUNT THE GUARD

ROOKIES UNIVERSALLY DREAD GUARD DUTY.. AND YET, IT IS ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY HONORABLE AND VITAL DUTIES IN THE WHOLE MILITARY SERVICE!

GUARD DUTY CAN BRING HONOR.. AND SAVE ARMIES FROM DEFEAT! AN ALERT GUARD CAN FOIL A CAREFULLY PLANNED ENEMY ATTACK...

THE ENEMY! CORPORAL OF THE GUARD! POST NUMBER SEVEN UNDER ATTACK! CORPORAL OF THE GUARD!



GUARD DUTY FALLS INTO TWO CLASSIFICATIONS. INTERIOR GUARD.. INSIDE A MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT... OR...



EXTERNAL GUARD..ON THE OUTPOSTS...

GUARD SHOULD NEVER LET ANYONE GET CLOSER THAN TEN FEET...

THROW YOUR IDENTIFICATION ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF YOU THEN STEP BACK FIVE PAGES!



IN COMBAT AREAS THE CHALLENGED PERSON MUST GIVE THE PASSWORD IMMEDIATELY! A GUARD CANNOT RISK DELAYS...

YOU'RE A PHONEY, MISTER!



IF YOU CAPTURE A SUSPICIOUS INDIVIDUAL, DON'T LEAVE YOUR POST. MARCH HIM AHEAD OF YOU UNTIL YOU CAN SUMMON AID...

YOU CANNOT DO THIS! I AM A PEACEFUL CITIZEN!

SHADDUP AND KEEP WALKING! THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD WILL DECIDE WHAT YOU ARE! I ONLY KNOW YOU DIDN'T GIVE THE PASS-WORD!



DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS! REMEMBER.. HELP IS ALWAYS NEAR...

HELP! HELP! POST 14!

GOOD WORK, BUDDY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS!



AND NEVER FORGET WHAT LAXITY CAN CAUSE! ONE GUARD WHO DOESN'T FULFILL HIS DUTIES CAN CAUSE THE LOSS OF A BATTLE!

WH..WHO.. UNNNHH!

CHARGE! THE GUARD WAS SLEEPING! WHAT LUCK!



AIR FORCE BLUES

What is it with you dogfaces? How come you always think us Air Force Joes live a life of ease and luxury. Now if I was a swabbie wearing bell bottoms, sailing around on a nice clean ship, I could go for that guff. But here you are giving me a lot of malarkey about how good the Air Force food is, how we sleep late, never do anything dangerous. Huh! Seems to me I heard the same line when I was still back in the States. Stateside duty, boy! That's for me!

"Join the Air Force," they said. Good food, clean living, regular hours, safer than sleeping in your own bed at home. Pick your overseas base if you join now. Yak, yak! Boy, how I've always wanted to get over to Paris and go out with those ma'mselles. Yeah, and have tea and crumpets with some of those cute British gals. So what happens?

Everything is nice and quiet in the world, until I join up. No sooner do I put on my Air Force blues than the North Koreans decide they like South Korea better and figure it's time to move in.

I join up and put in for European duty—they tell me those frauleins are pretty nice, too. But it seems General Eisenhower don't need me over there. Seems General Ridgway personally requested that I join him in a little patrol duty over Korea way. Who am I to argue? We fuel up our bomber and in a couple of hops, Hawaii, Guam, Tokyo—bing! We're in on this patrol action.

It's not so bad in Korea except that it gets mighty cold when it's not being mighty hot. They got no in between, you know. Just hot and cold. Besides which I've got the loneliest job in the Air Force—rear gunner. Let me tell you, guys, it's no fun flying up there at twenty-thousand feet, lying on your belly, with your back to the rest of the crew, looking down over four miles of nothing. You see where you came from, but you don't see or know where you're going.

Either of you guys ever fly before? No, I guess you haven't. Let me tell you about the last flight I made. I remember I rolled into my sack about midnight. We had just come back in from a mission on a target on the Yalu River. We didn't hit up with much Red resistance on that one. Only got shot up a little by a couple of jets that tore by so fast that we didn't know they were there until they were gone. Didn't hurt us bad, though—only peeled off part of one wing.

We were dog-tired when we made it back to the base. But the Air Force is like the Cavalry in one respect. You got to take care of your mount before you bed yourself down. Well, old "Snortin' Suzie," that's the name of our ship, was shot-up and the ground crews were short handed. So we pitched in and got her back in shape the best way we could.

Before we could sack out the Major called us into the operations shack and told us the good news. "Fellows," he says, "I need you on a special mission. There's a particular power plant that we want to knock out and it's a one plane job—sneak in fast, hit the target and out." Of course, the old man went on, he didn't want to rush us, but would we be ready for briefing at 0500 hours. Boy! In from a tough mission and us with only five hours staring us in the face before we go shooting off on another dilly.

It seemed like I had just rolled into my sack when somebody is pounding me on my back and yelling it's time to get up and start rolling. Go jump, I start to tell him, but some fool turned on the barracks lights and I kind of recognize Major Morrisson standing over me. I figured that this is all a dream, but the minute my tootsies hit that cold concrete floor, buddy, that was no dream. How come Korea is the coldest, dampest place in the world at four o'clock in the morning? FOUR O'CLOCK? I took a double check on my chronometer. How d'ya like that? They tell us 0500

and here they come waking us up at 0400. What kind of war is this? So half-awake I stagger into my flight gear. I remember someone half-pushing, half-leading me out to the truck that carried us over to the mess hall.

Breakfast at four o'clock in the morning. That tasty, delicious food you guys are talking about. SCRUMPTIOUS dehydrated eggs; that LOVELY greasy bacon and coffee—COFFEE? The North Korean fifth column, you mean! If the jets don't get you the coffee will.

Just in case you're not already sick they got a special guy to finish the job. All he does is drive a jeep back and forth between the operations office and the flight line. He must hate his job because he treated that jeep like it was a wild bronco needing to be busted. I didn't mind that so much but there were seven other guys in that jeep including myself—not to mention the powdered eggs, greasy bacon and, ugh, coffee.

Well, by the time the tower had cleared our bomber for take-off I was a mighty unhappy fly-boy. All I did was lie there in the tail on my belly and groan. But sick or no, it's a tremendous feeling when you feel those props take hold. Suddenly you feel yourself lifted away from the earth. And there's nobody closer to that sensation than the tail-gunner.

You think a lot of funny things up there. It's another world—and don't think I'm going corny on you when I tell you that up there, alone, with nothing but the clear sky around you, you really feel close to God. No kidding, it really gets you.

Well, anyway, there we are at twenty-thousand feet, buzzing along for our target. No fighter protection, no escort, *no nothing*. I'm thinking about how nice it is back in the barracks in the sack. I'm trying to remember what a chocolate ice-cream soda tastes like. I'm thinking of ma'mselles and frauleins when ZOOM—ZOOM—ZOOM! Just like that, three flashes of lightning go zooming by. Only that's not lightning, buster, those are rockets—and not the Fourth of July kind! Here I am dozing

like a dope and don't have my intercom tuned in. No sooner do I tune it in than I get the story, loud and clear. We hit the jackpot, a whole nest of YAK's. Russian-built fighters to you dogfaces.

They're buzzing around us like a bunch of hornets. From what I can make out there's three of them.

"YAK twelve o'clock high!" I hear the skipper shout. The waist gunner yells out that he picks him up at three o'clock. This guy is coming from up high and making a pass and maybe intends to come up underneath I figured. Well, fellows, put me up at the head of the class. This YAK comes by at six o'clock whistling like a tea kettle. He kept right on going and straight for the deep six 'cause I laid it into him with a solid burst from the .50 caliber right on the schnozz.

The other boys aren't doing too bad, either. Suddenly the plane jumps like we've been caught up in a tidal wave and I look down—right down into a huge inferno with tremendous clouds of smoke puffing up. While we were busy fighting off these planes the skipper brought old Snortin' Suzie in on the target and the bombardier laid his eggs right down the slot. "Mission accomplished." Now to get home.

The two YAK's that were left made a couple of more passes and then scooted off for home. I guess they kinda had their fill of U.S.A. .50-caliber slugs. Suzie was snorting and sputtering, but you can't keep an old mare down. We limped along and finally pulled back to our home base. You know, with all my griping, that old beat-up runway sure looked good to me.

What, you going already, guys? Thanks for coming up to the hospital to see a beat-up fly-boy. Can I help it if that cross-eyed Red hit me with the first rocket blast? Just careless of me to have got in the way, that's all. And look, if you get to see any of them ma'mselles or frauleins when you're reassigned, say hello for me, will ya? Looks like I'm stuck here for a while . . .

THE END

PVT. BRAGG *in* BIG HERO

WHAT A RELIEF
TO COME OFF
THE LINE FOR
A COUPLE OF
DAYS!

YEAH, BUT THE
LINE HAS ITS
ADVANTAGES!

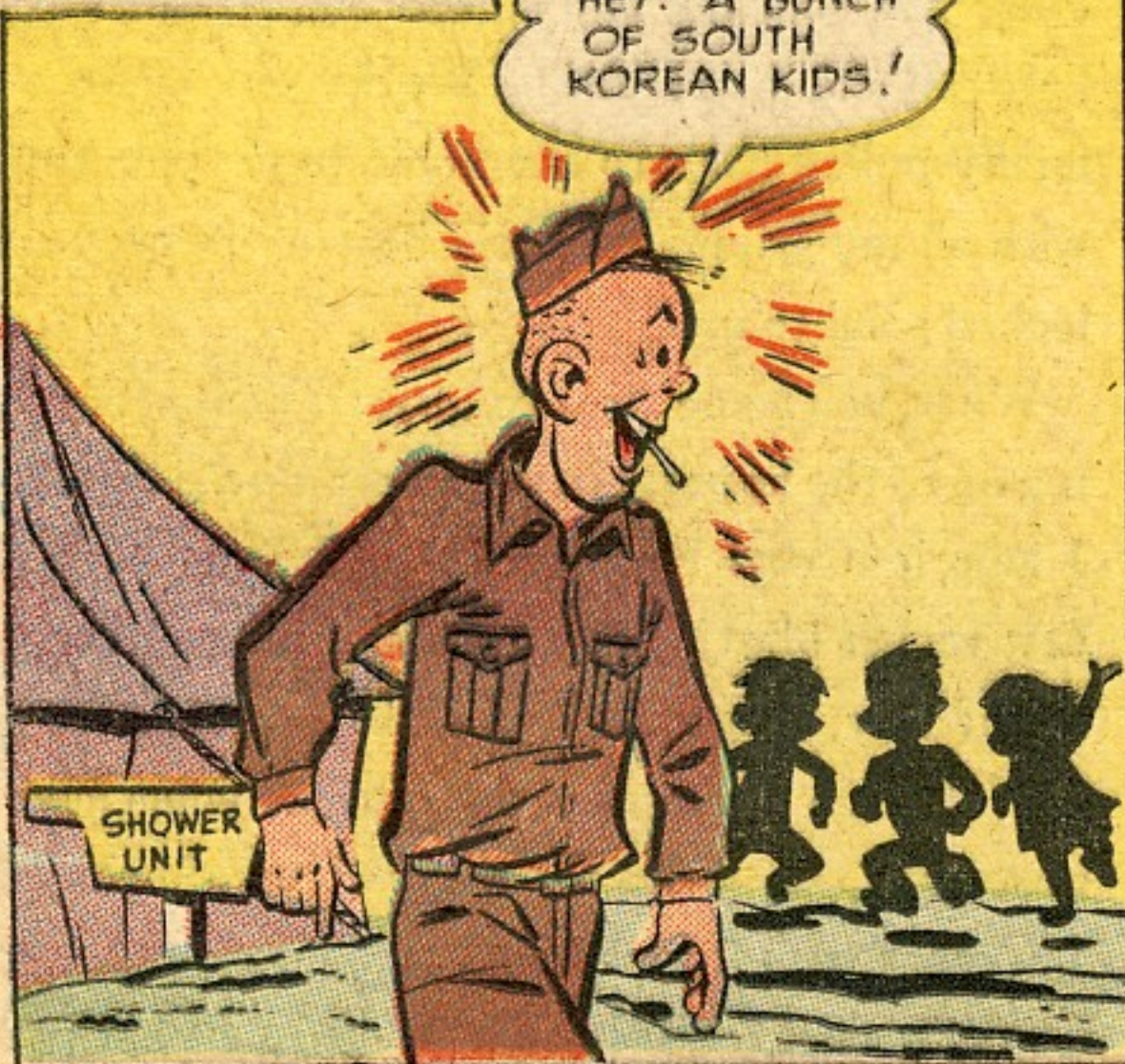
YOU MEAN WE DIDN'T HAVE
TO LISTEN TO BRAGG ALL
THE TIME! HE WAS TOO
SCARED TO TALK!

YEAH - AN' HE
WAS TOO SCARED
TO DO ANYTHIN'
ELSE!



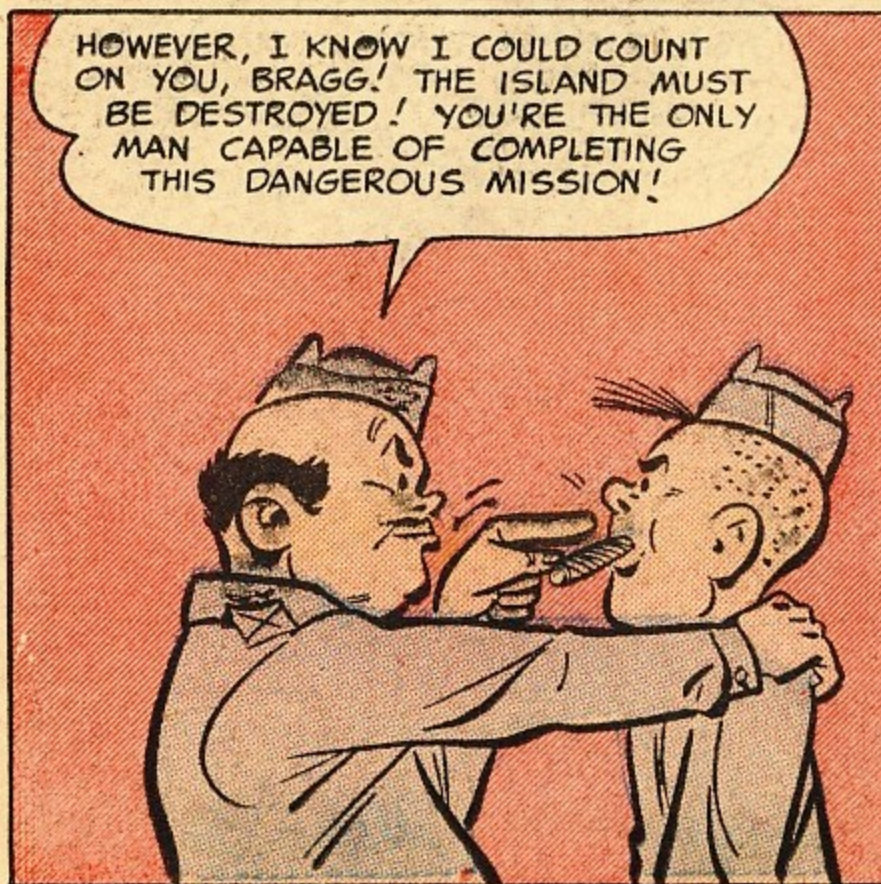
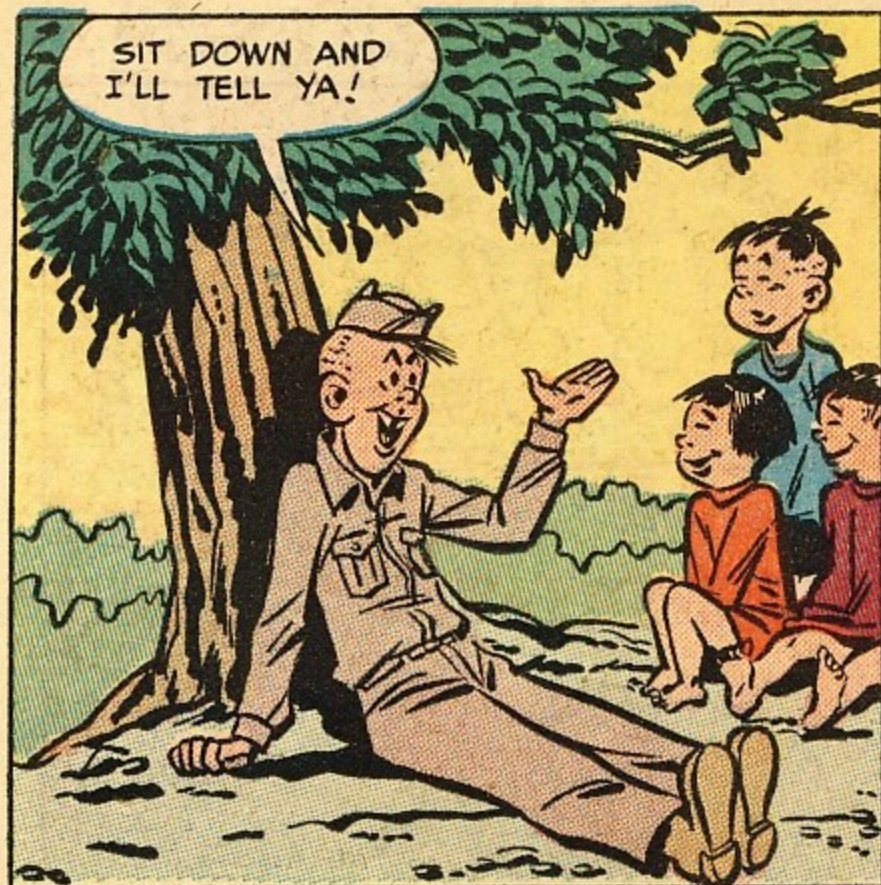
THAT AFTERNOON...

HEY! A BUNCH
OF SOUTH
KOREAN KIDS!

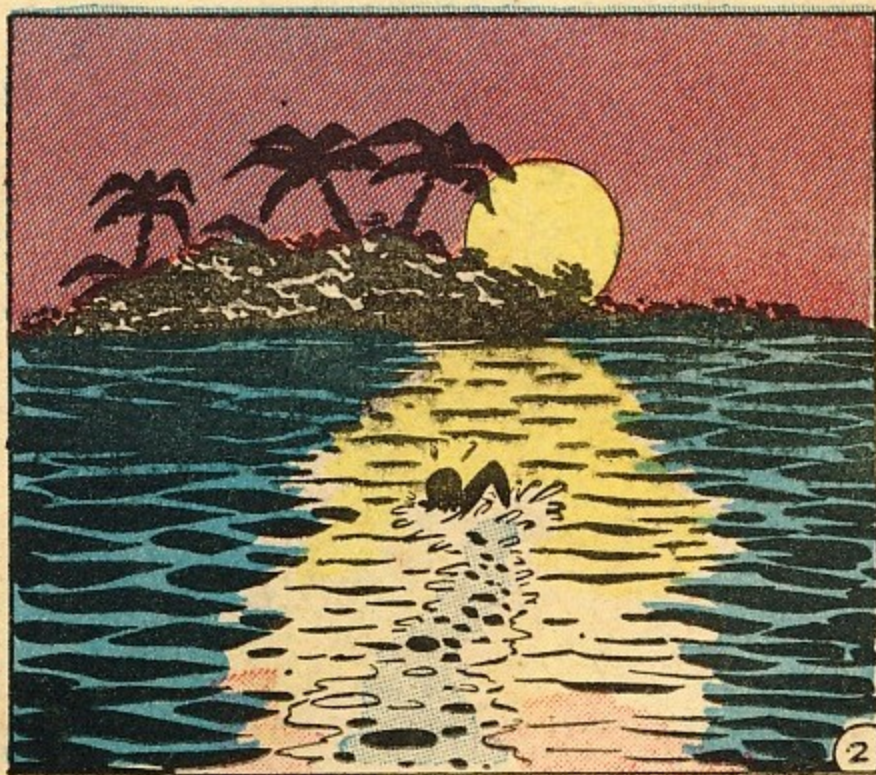


WHATCHA BEEN
DOIN', JOE?





"AFTER MAKING THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS, I STARTED TO SWIM TO THE ISLAND UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS..."



"AS I WAS CHANGING MY CLOTHES, I WAS SET UPON BY A GROUP OF ENEMY SOLDIERS!"



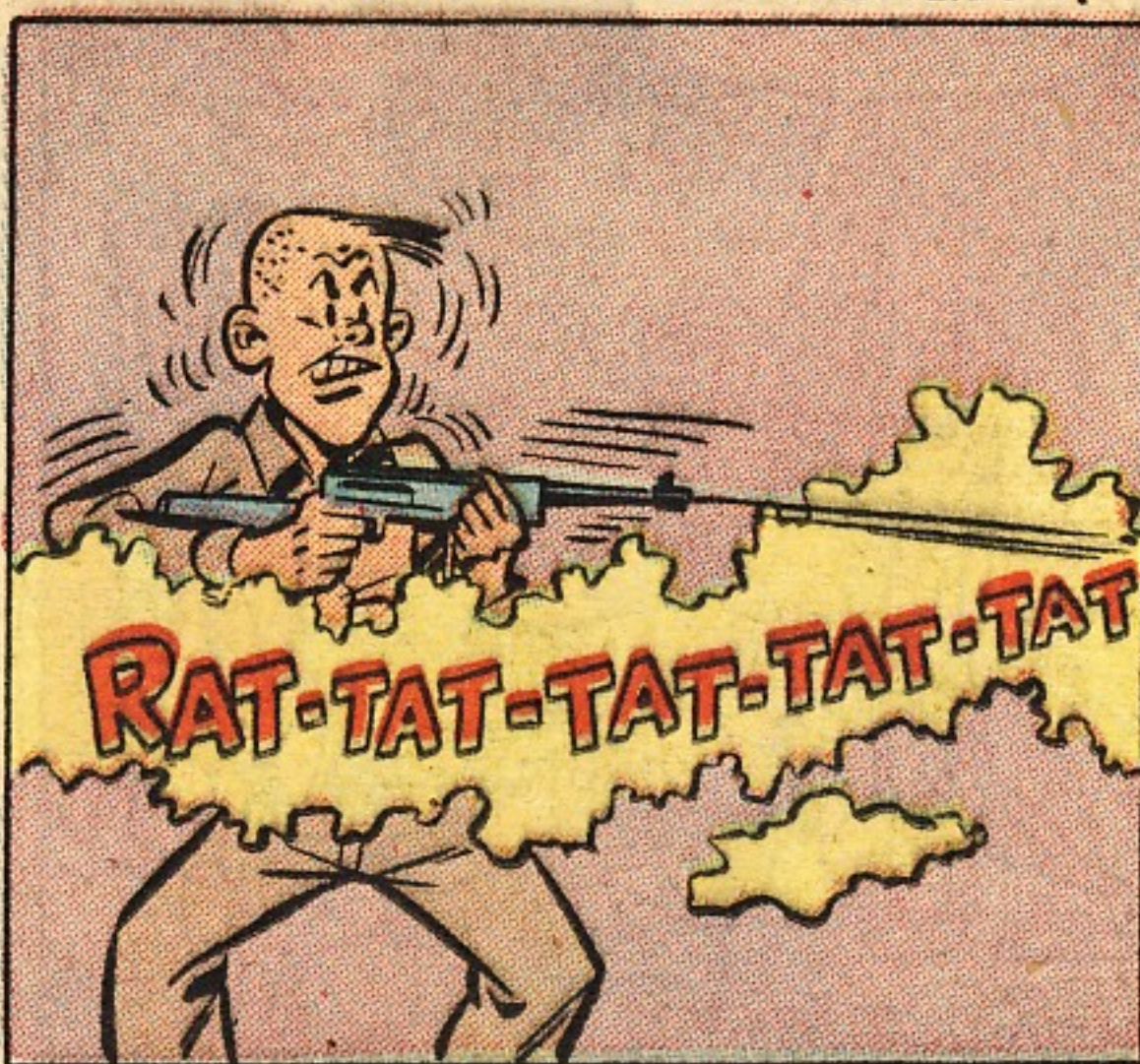
"I KNEW THE SOUND WOULD ATTRACT THE REST OF THEM — I HAD TO WORK FAST! I SET THE DYNAMITE CHARGE..."



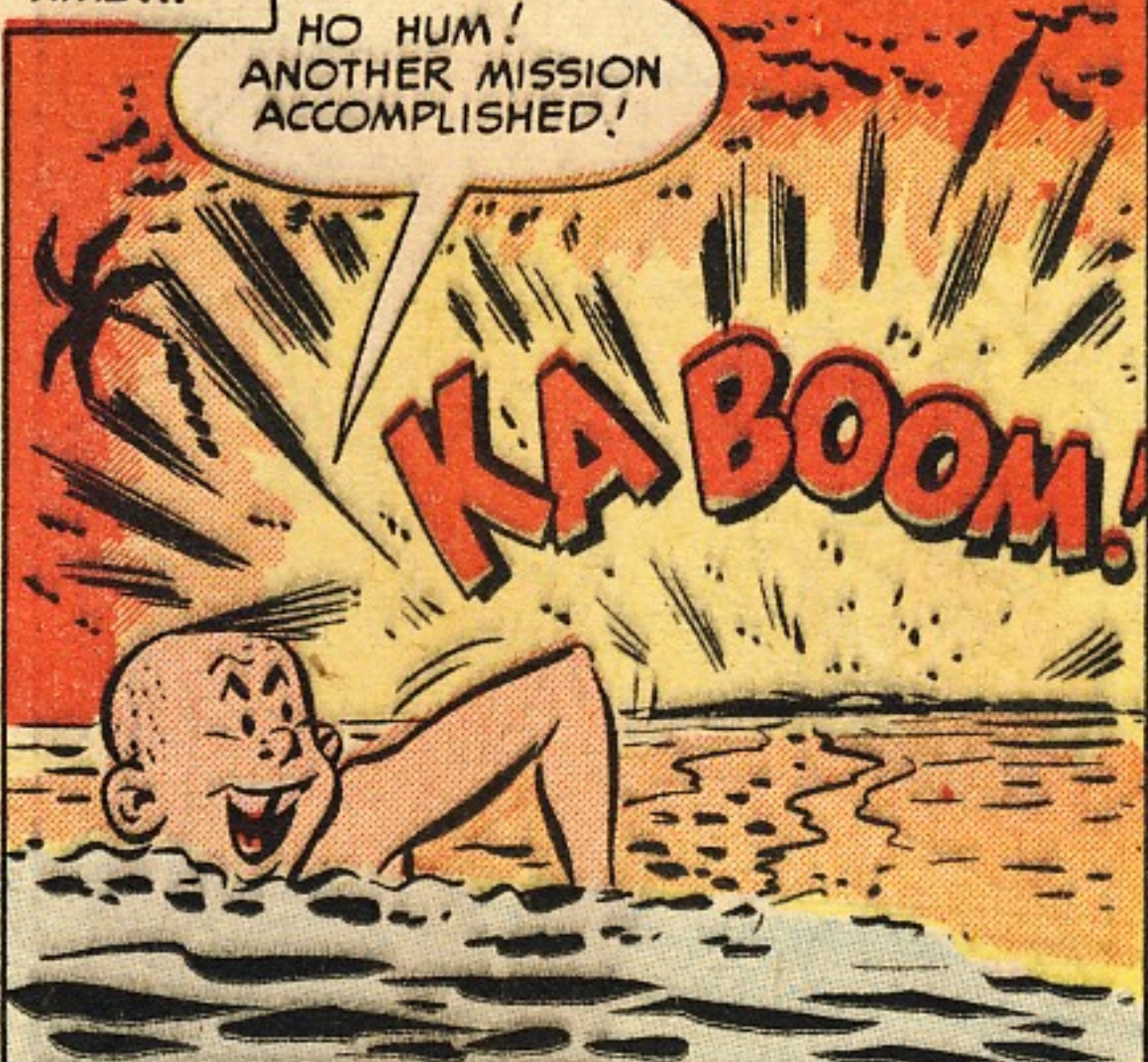
"OF COURSE, THEY GAVE ME ANOTHER MEDAL..."



"I BROUGHT MY TRUSTY TOMMY-GUN INTO ACTION AND MOWED 'EM DOWN LIKE FLIES"!!

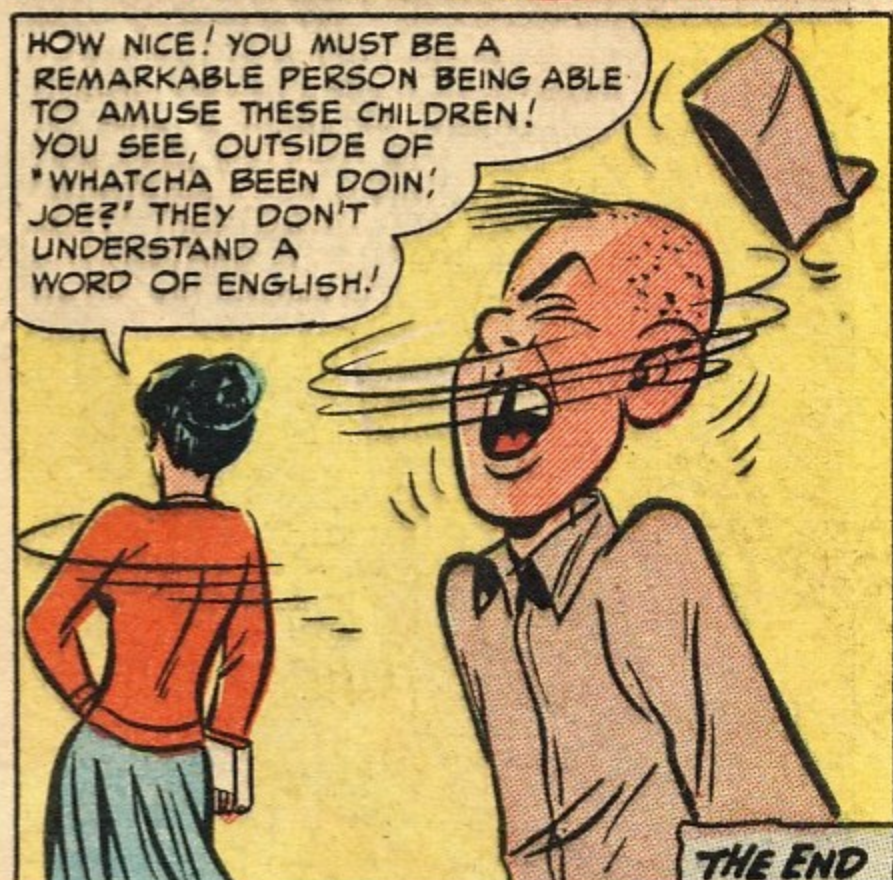
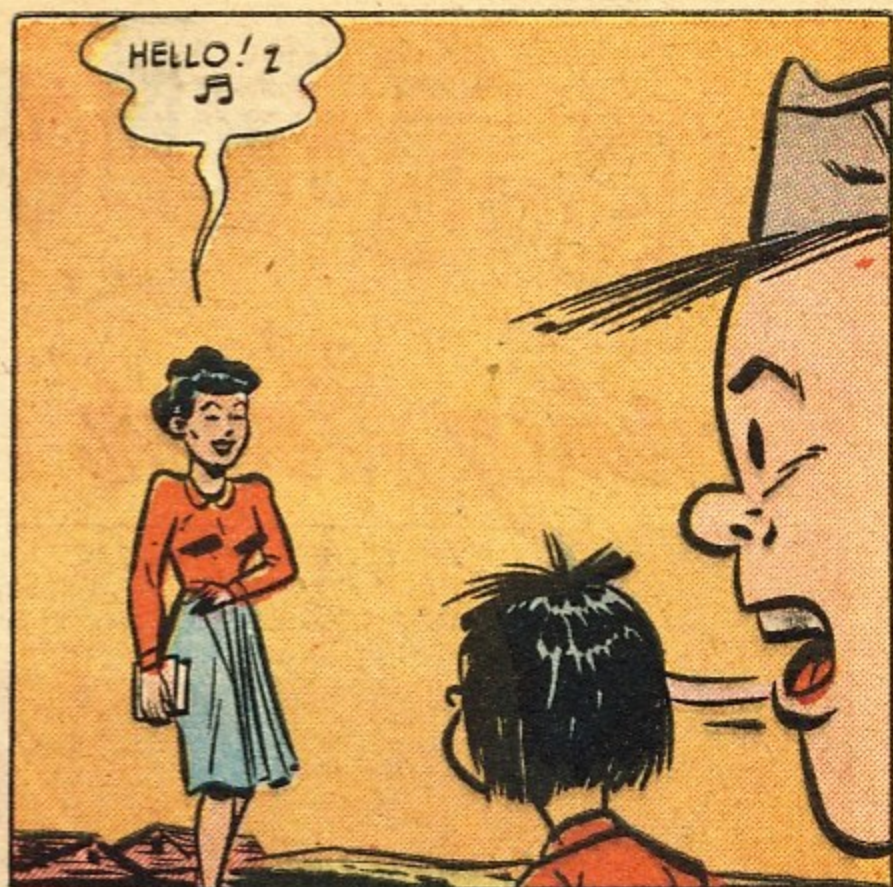


"AND DIVED BACK INTO THE WATER JUST IN TIME..."



WELL! I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT ALL FOR NOW, KIDS! ANY QUESTIONS?





IT'S ALL OVER, BUT...

THE **BIG G.I. JOE CONTESTS** HAVE BEEN CLOSED, THE WINNERS HAVE BEEN PICKED BY OUR JUDGES, BUT DUE TO THE DIFFICULTY IN CONTACTING THE WINNERS OVERSEAS, WE REGRET THAT THE PUBLICATION OF THE RESULTS MUST BE POSTPONED. LOOK FOR THEM IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **G.I. JOE**.

The Editors

G.I. Joe

in Spring Never Comes

EVEN UNDER THE PRESSURE OF WAR, THERE ARE SOME MEN WHO REMEMBER THE LITTLE THINGS. WHITEY SHAW IS THAT KIND OF GUY. THE BIG THINGS FOR WHITEY ARE ONLY THE LITTLE ONES LUMPED TOGETHER. OUR SCENE IS THE FRONT LINES, SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. INCESSANT RAIN AND INACTIVITY HAVE MADE CARPUCCIO RESTLESS...

WHAT'S EATIN' YA, CARPUCCIO? Y'THINK THE REDS CAN'T **SEE** YOU 'CAUSE IT'S RAININ'?

AW! THEY CLEARED OUTA THIS MUDHOLE A **WEEK** AGO! FOR ONCE, THEY USED THEIR HEADS!

HEY, FELLERS!
HOT JAVA!
GOOD FOR
WHAT AILS YA!

WHITEY SHAW

GEE, THANKS, WHITEY! JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

YEAH?
WELL, WHY DON'T HE ORDER UP SOME **ACTION**? WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO—SIT HERE TILL THE COMMIES THROW IN THE TOWEL?

I RECKON THAT'S SOMETHIN' WE COULD **ALL** USE, CARP! A NICE, BIG OL' **DRY** TOWEL!

YOU'RE A REAL CARD, WHITEY! ALWAYS SPREADIN' SUNSHINE! Y'THINK YOU'RE BACK IN KANSAS OR SOMETHIN'?

LOOK OUT!

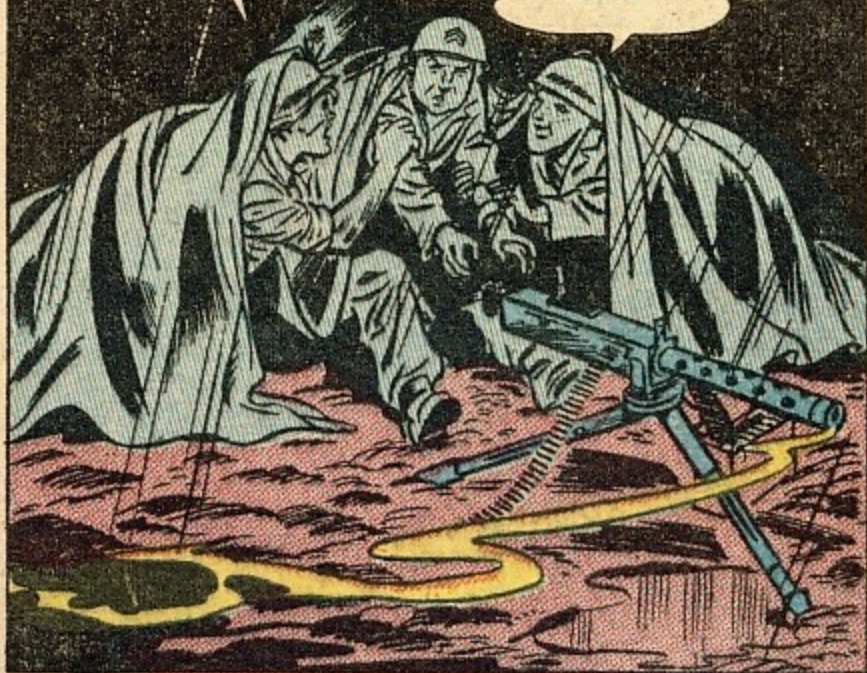


COME ON, YOU CREEPS! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU STARTED UP AGAIN! I'M READY FOR YOU — SEE?



THEY'RE NOT SHOWIN' THEMSELVES, CARP! SLACK IT OFF!

JOE'S RIGHT! NO USE BURNIN' UP YER INSIDES! THEY MUST'VE JUST FOUND ONE THEY HAD LEFT OVER!



I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY MORE JUST SITTIN' AND WAITIN'! I'M GONNA FIGHT, I TELL YA — BEFORE I GET FLOATED OUT TO THE OCEAN!



SIMMER DOWN, CARP! WAITIN'S NOT SO BAD! WHY, SOMETIMES BACK IN KANSAS, THE WINTERS WERE SO LONG AND SO COLD, I ABOUT GAVE UP HOPIN' EVER TO SEE SPRING AGAIN, BUT ---



SPRING? GET A LOAD O' THIS WHITEY CHARACTER, JOE! MEBBE HE'S EXPECTIN' SPRING TO SHOW UP OUT HERE!

NOTHIN' WRONG IN HIS EXPECTIN' IT, CARP...

IT ALLUS SHOWED UP BACK HOME!



OKAY, WHITEY — I SENT YOU OUT HERE TO TELL THESE GUYS THEY'RE RELIEVED — NOT TO SIT HERE CHEWIN' THE FAT!

SARGE! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS A LETTER FROM HOME!

RELIEVED FOR WHAT? MORE SITTIN' ON OUR HEELS?

EASY, CARP... A GUY KIN DO A LOTTA FIGURIN' WHILE HE'S SITTIN'. WHY, I REMEMBER BACK HOME...

YOU AN' YER SPRING — AN' YER BACK HOME! SPRING'S NEVER GONNA SHOW UP OUT HERE! SELL THAT CORN TO SOMEBODY WHO'S BUYIN', WHITEY — AN' THAT AIN'T ME!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

...AND I KNOW THIS WAITING ISN'T EASY, MEN—BUT SOMETIMES **MY** ORDERS ARE AS DIFFICULT TO TAKE YOURS. THINGS ARE BOUND TO BREAK LOOSE SOON. WHEN THEY DO, LET'S MAKE CERTAIN THE REDS FIND US STILL OPERATING AS A WELL-COORDINATED TEAM!

MEBBE WHEN THE REDS **DO** SHOW, WHITEY CAN TELL 'EM ABOUT 'SPRING' IN KANSAS, HUH, JOE?

KNOCK IT OFF, CARP!...

I HEAR YOU'RE GETTIN' UP EARLY TOMORROW TO HELP WHITEY WITH HIS SPRING PLANTIN'!

IF ANYBODY **COULD** MAKE SOMETHIN' GROW OUT HERE, SARGE, I BET **WHITEY'D** BE THE GUY!

STILL LATER THAT NIGHT...

MEBBE CARP AND THE REST DON'T THINK SO—BUT I'VE ALLUS BELIEVED Y'KIN MAKE THINGS JUST ABOUT HOW YOU'D LIKE 'EM TO BE, BY **IMAGININ'**! LIKE THINKIN' OF ALL THOSE ROCKS OUT THERE, AS IF MEBBE THEY WERE BUNDLES OF SWEET-SMELLIN' HAY. AFTER A WHILE THEY KIN GET TO BE WHAT YOU'RE WANTIN'...

HERE Y'ARE, WHITEY—A NICE PETUNIA FOR YER GARDEN! GIVE IT **LOTSA WATER**—OR IT WON'T GROW!

ALL RIGHT, MEN—YOU WANTED ACTION—**YOU'VE GOT IT!**

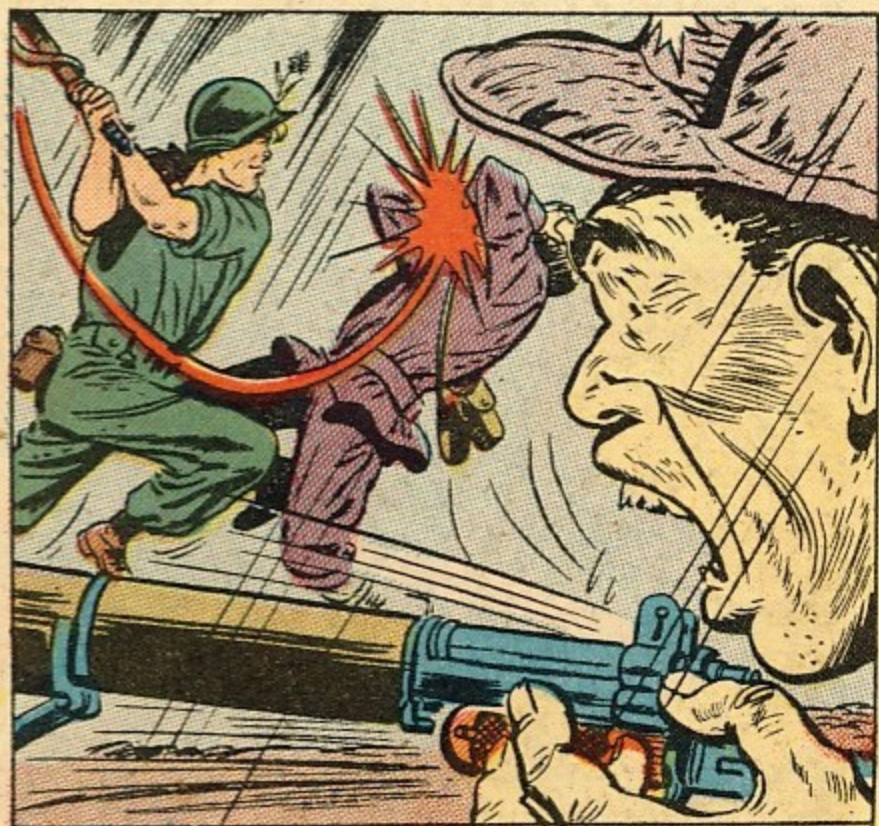
BOOM!

BAM!



IN A MATTER OF LIGHTNING-GREASED SECONDS, BAKER COMPANY IS FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY...

AND SOON, THE BATTLE IS HAND-TO-HAND...



BUT AS JOE STARTS AFTER WHITEY, HE IS STOPPED BY A CHARGING RED, AND...



SOON, THE BATTLE IS OVER...



LOOK AT THEIR BACKSIDES!
AN' THEY THOUGHT THEY
CAUGHT **US NAPPIN'**!

WE SURE SHOWED
'EM, SARGE!

WHITEY WENT AFTER 'EM
LIKE HE WAS CHASIN' RABBITS!
THAT GUY'S **SOMETHIN'**!



FOR A CORN-FED
SCREWBALL, I GOTTA
ADMIT WHITEY CAN
FIGHT! OKAY, YOU
GUYS - LET'S GET BACK -
I GOTTA GET ME BEAUTY
SLEEP!

STARTIN' KINDA
LATE, AIN'TCHA,
SARGE?

BUT A FEW HOURS LATER, IN BAKER
COMPANY HEADQUARTERS...



... WELL, WHICH ONE OF YOU
DID SEE HIM LAST?



LAST I
SAW HIM
LOOTENANT,
HE WAS
TEARIN' UP
THE HILL
WITH JOE
HERE...

HE WAS WITH ME
ALL THE WAY,
SIR... UNTIL I
SAW HIM TAKIN'
OUT AFTER A
COMMIE! ARE YA
SURE HE HASN'T
COME BACK?



AS OF THIS MOMENT,
WHITEY SHAW IS
UNACCOUNTED FOR!



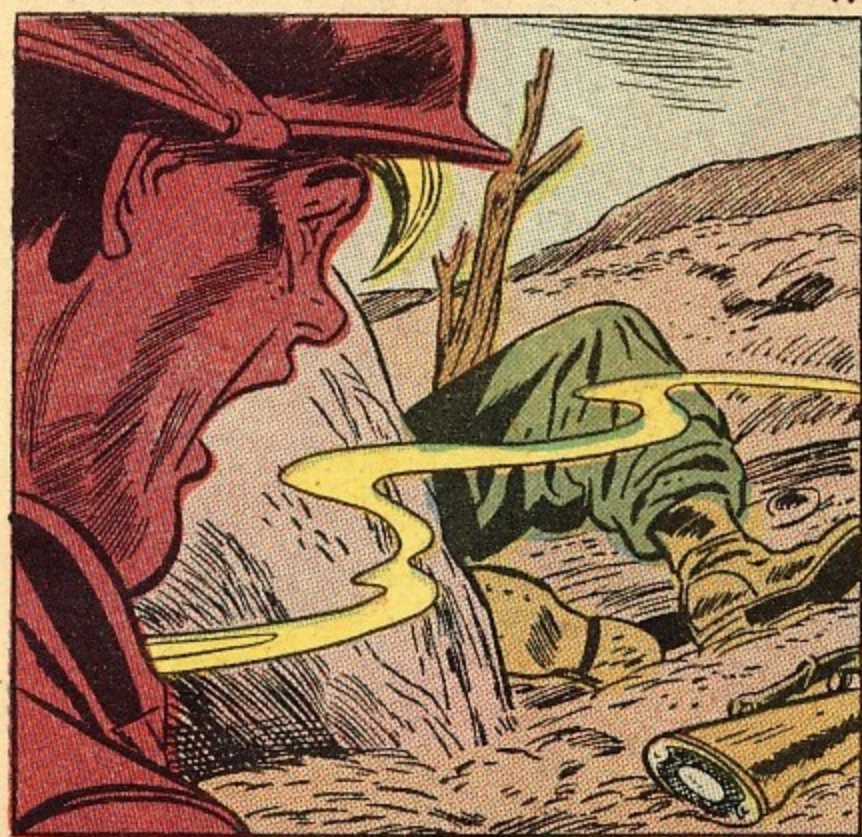
LET **ME** GO
OUT FOR HIM,
SIR! IT'S -
WELL, IT'S
IMPORTANT!

ALL RIGHT, JOE -
BUT TAKE A MEDIC
WITH YOU... JUST
IN CASE!

AS DAWN BEGINS TO STREAK THE COLD WET SKY...



AND THROUGH THE SWIRLING MIST, JOE SEES...

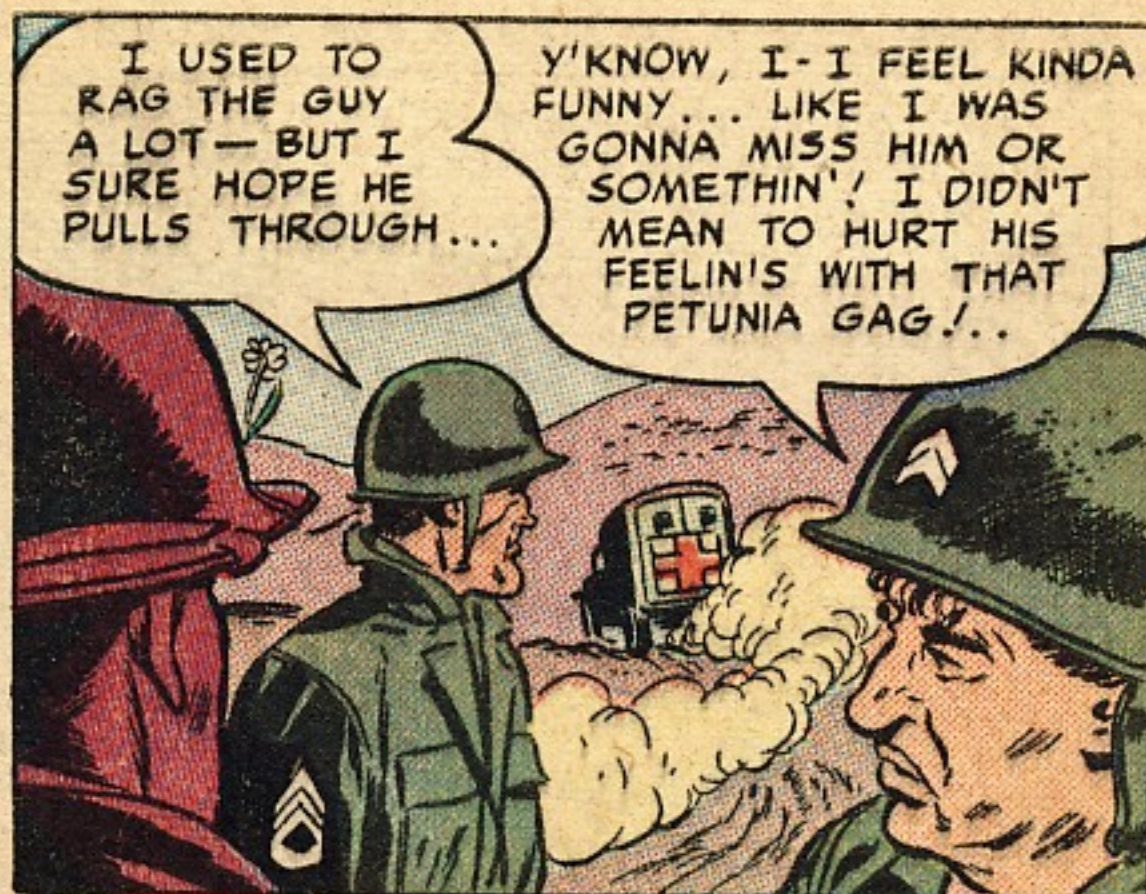


THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



Y'GOTTA **MAKE** IT, WHITEY! Y'GOTTA **BELIEVE** YOU WILL— LIKE YOU **TOLD** ME YOU COULD! DO!

ALL RIGHT, SOLDIER— WE GOTTA GET ROLLIN'!



I USED TO RAG THE GUY A LOT— BUT I SURE HOPE HE PULLS THROUGH...

Y'KNOW, I-I FEEL KINDA FUNNY... LIKE I WAS GONNA MISS HIM OR SOMETHIN'! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIS FEELIN'S WITH THAT PETUNIA GAG!..

BUT WAR IS WAR— AND BAKER COMPANY HAS TO MOVE ON. THEN, SOME WEEKS LATER, RETURNING TO THIS SAME AREA AFTER A BITTER ENGAGEMENT WITH THE REDS...



GEE, SARGE, ALONG ABOUT HERE'S WHERE WE FOUND WHITEY— REMEMBER?

YEAH...

WHITEY WAS WRONG ABOUT **SPRING** EVER COMIN' TO THIS ROCKPILE...

WRONG ABOUT IT? YOU WANTA **BET** ON THAT, CARP?

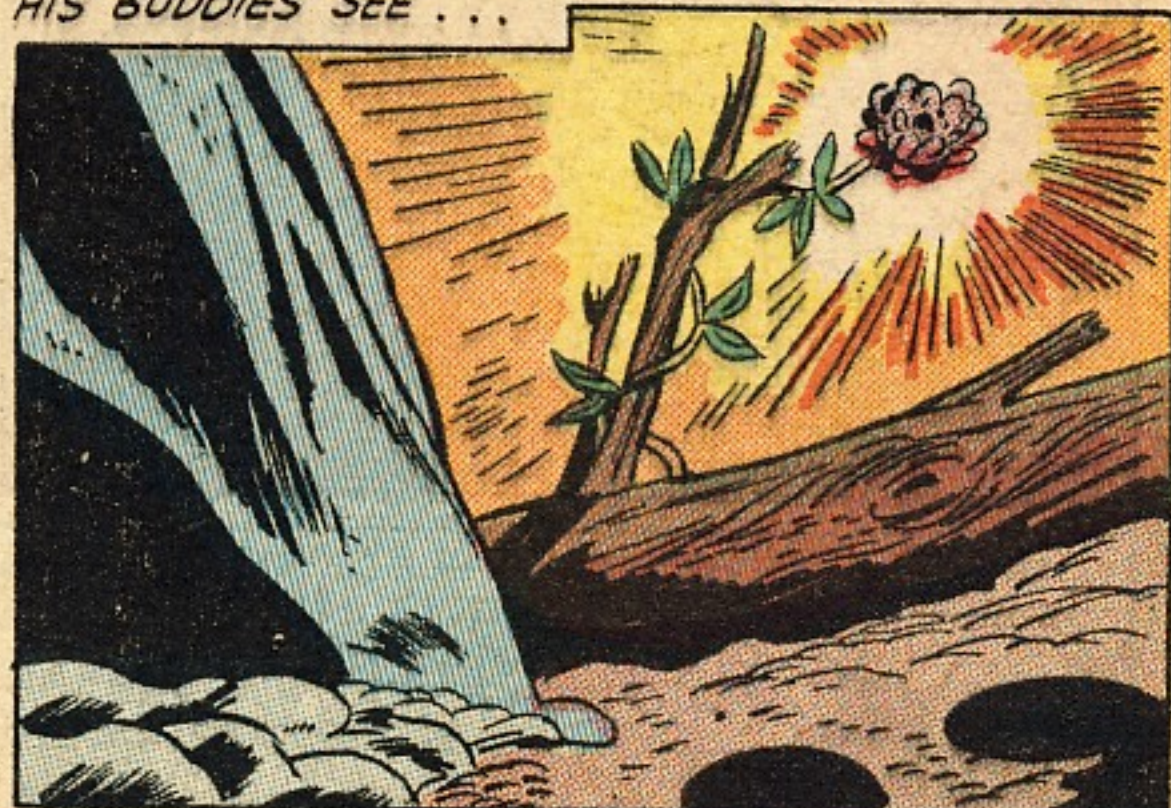


WELL, I'LL BE A...

HOLY SMOKE!

HEY, FELLERS-- THE **SUN!**

AND AS THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH, JOE AND HIS BUDDIES SEE...



HE **BELIEVED** IN IT, CARP— AN' IT'S HAPPENED!

THE BIG LUG— HE'S EVEN TURNED ON THE SUN!

HEY, GUYS-- **LOOK!**



JOE— CARP— SARGE! IT'S ME— WHITEY! I'M BACK!

HE **MADE** IT, GUYS! **WHITEY'S BACK!**

WHEN I GET HOME I'M GONNA GRAB ME A HUNK O' KANSAS!

SAVE ME A SLICE, CARP! SOMEDAY, I JUST **MIGHT** WANT TO SETTLE DOWN!

His End

STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



•YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs . . . a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

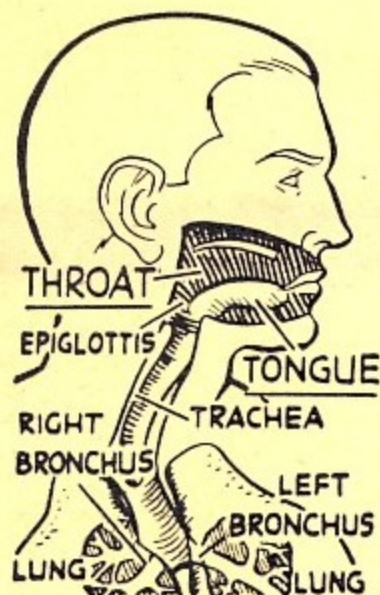
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can loose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS . . . OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco. . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS

7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. GT-4
400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

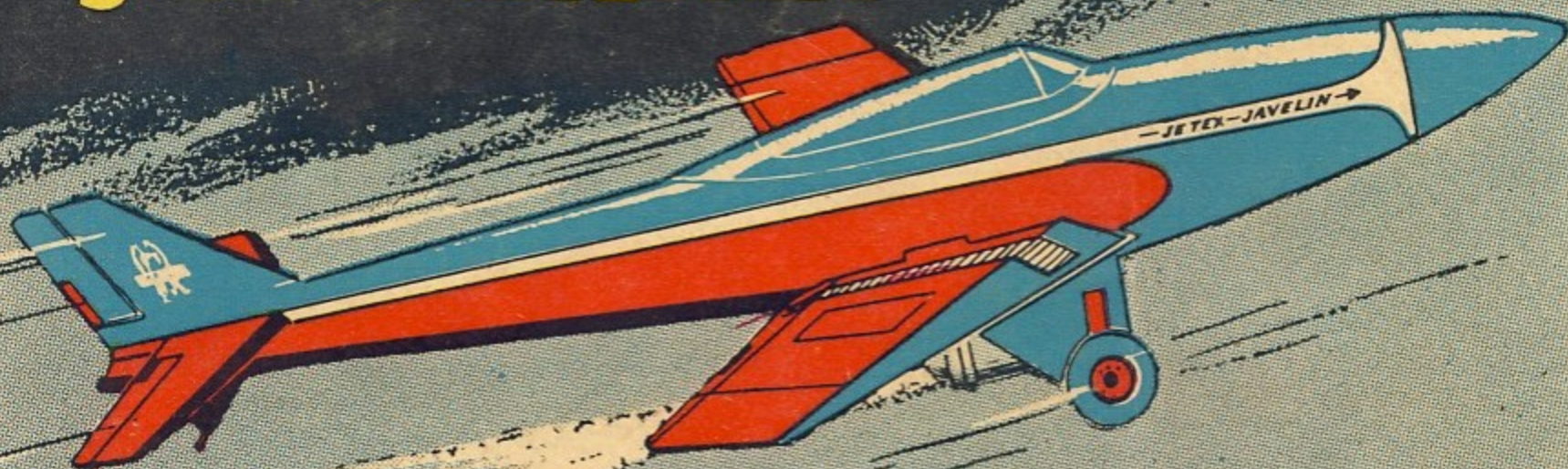
SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

- ☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.
- ☐ Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95, the JETEX JAVELIN, \$2.75, a total cost of \$2.70.

Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98! (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.).

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply

JETEX JAVELIN

Guaranteed to give you Fun-filled Flights!

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of your neighborhood with this real JET airplane. The JETEX JAVELIN is a colorful, sleek-looking 14 inches of greased lightning. It will fly 1,000 feet! Go at a scale speed of 600 miles per hour! It takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and then goes into a long glide and comes to a beautiful landing.

The JETEX JAVELIN is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane uses the modern stressed skin construction which gives more strength and durability for its weight than any other type of construction. With ordinary care, it will make hundreds of fun filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

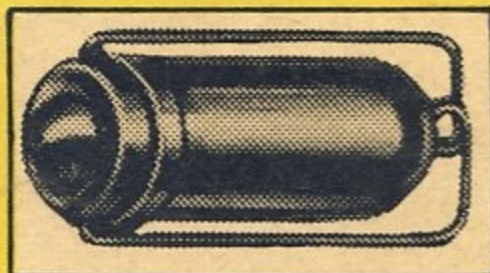
GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable,

NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX JAVELIN DEPT. G-42
Huntington, N. Y.

RUSH!

Please rush the JETEX JAVELIN and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

JETEX JAVELIN Huntington, N. Y.

for
return
of any